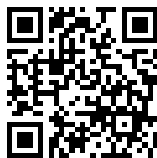

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GLIMPSES OF OLD JAPAN



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J.

Rev. & Mrs Loomis,
with Compliments
of the Author.

Yokohama, June 1st 1908.

GLIMPSES
OF OLD JAPAN
1861-1866

BY
MARGARET TATE KINNEAR BALLAGH

TOKYO
FOR THE AUTHOR
METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE
1908

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TO THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN,
James Curtis Hepburn, M.D., LL.D.,
THESE GLIMPSES OF OLD JAPAN, AS HE KNEW IT,
AND AS HIS GUEST AND LOVING DAUGHTER SAW IT
WHILE RESIDING IN HIS
JOBUTSU-JI, TEMPLE HOME,
KANAGAWA, JAPAN;
THESE LETTERS FOR HER GRANDCHILDREN,
ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY
MARGARET TATE KINNENAR BALLAGH,
YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, FEB. 14, 1908.

Preface.

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THIS book is simply a narrative of events in the every day life of a missionary family forty years ago ; written originally as letters to friends, without any intention of publication ; but several years ago when quite an invalid at home, they were collected in manuscript form for the sake of preserving them for my own children. Recently the MS. (almost forgotten) was brought to light from an old trunk ; and, for the entertainment of some intimate friends, was read, to illustrate the trials of early days in Japan. One of these friends who had written books for children, insisted that I should publish the MS. as it was our duty to do all we could to interest the youth of our own and other lands in missionary work. While claiming no merit as an authoress I am very glad if it can be used to attract the attention of our youth to Japan, I am the more ready to do so, because it was the perusal of just such letters of Mrs. Judson and others that drew my attention to the missionary life. It is a tale of the old feudal times, when residents lived in constant terror of their lives, as the swaggering Ronin roamed the country seeking opportunity of resenting what they called the pollution by foreigners, of the "*country of the gods.*" These "masterless men" formed a large and influential portion of the country then, and made things look alarmingly dangerous at times. It was also at the close of a civil war in China, in which foreigners engaged to some extent,

hence our new settlement swarmed with smugglers, sailors and waifs of every description from this recent seat of turmoil and strife. Thus rowdy and disreputable elements were in the ascendant and the *decent* pioneers had a most difficult task to bring order and purity from such heterogeneous mass.

# GLIMPSES OF OLD JAPAN

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## SEA VOYAGE FROM NEW YORK TO YOKOHAMA

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You are perhaps aware that we came on board this ship (the "Kathay," Capt. Stoddard) the 1st day of June 1861; with quite a number of Mr. B.'s relatives, together with a large circle of friends interested in the missionary cause, accompanying us as far as Sandy Hook, from whence they returned with the pilot that took us out. Embarkations are trying affairs, when you have a set of emotional friends to say goodbye to, in all the bustle and confusion of getting off; I felt really glad that my dearest farewells were said in private, and that now I could be calm, but I suffered to see my husband suffer.

The quietness and deliberation of his friends in taking leave of him was killing; and then to swallow ones feelings sufficiently to get up and make a farewell address, before the assembled multitude, which each of the six departing missionaries were expected to do, I felt was a little beyond humanity. But at last it was all over, the last goodbye was said and friends hurriedly left us and there we stood a lonely little company; and as affectually severed from friends and country as though those kind beings a moment since had waited at our funerals. Oh what a feeling of desolation and loneliness then came over us; if there were no other world, O, who would thus turn to voluntary exile!

JUNE 10TH.—You see I have been seasick and silent for ten days, but this is such a glorious day, and we are sailing so nicely, I have no excuse for being lazy longer, so I take up my pen again to let you know how gallantly our ship mounts the huge waves. This morning, for the first time I ventured a peep over the ship's side into the blue depth's below. It was sublimity unrivaled. The wild shiftless, restless waves chasing one another, while a great mountain wave from behind came with unspeakable speed swallowing them, and threatening to overwhelm the ship, while with a scream of horror, I clung to my husband, and besought him not to let me look upon Neptune's face again; he laughed heartily and told me I must be braver than that; Old Neptune had on his smiling face to-day, his angry moods were the ones to fear. When I get stronger and able to walk with the motion of the vessel, (which nautical men call getting ones sea legs on) I hope I shall not have this fear of the water. We are now out of the Gulf stream which was so turbulent as to cause the great sickness from which we all suffered. My head is not sufficiently steady to go to the table yet. As long as I keep in a reclining position, I feel well enough, but cannot long bear my head off the pillows.

I find our company to be a very pleasant one, consisting of three missionary *families*, and, three other missionary gentlemen unmarried, an English maiden lady from Halifax, going to China, to visit some relatives, and a very interesting merchant's family returning to their home in Shanghai.

All the souls on board including crew number 42; quite a contrast with the crowded little Alexandrian grain vessel, on which the great Apostle to the

Gentiles made his perilous voyage to Rome with its 276 souls!

*please* JUNE 16TH.—This certainly appears more like a trip and six months too short to enjoy it in, instead of the dull wearisome and monotonous voyage I expected.

In place of the poor accommodations, disagreeable or no company, sickness and loneliness that my mind had pictured, we fare sumptuously every day, have agreeable and even *merry* companions, little or no sickness, and no time to feel dull, or get the "blues." Our time is fully occupied, if not with work or study as it should be, with eating and drinking the good things our cook provides, and also in the way of games for exercise which the passengers get up. Sometimes I scarcely realize that I am on the ocean, for I am awakened every morning by the crowing of chickens, squealing of pigs and lowing of cattle, although this is not Noah's ark exactly, yet it has nearly every variety of animal on board; and almost at any time in the morning we may hear the sound of the ladies' sewing machines, which gives evidence that all on board have not lost their energy, while in the evening the musical instruments, painting and drawing exhibited, show that neither were all accomplishments left at home, or "*boxed up*." We ladies read, walk, or sing at our pleasure, and not a little time is spent in laughing at the amusing anecdotes and conundrums of some of our comically disposed Divines; of course this is only when we have such magnificent sailing days; when we get the S. East trade-winds which now have attended us for nearly a week.

JUNE 18TH.—I have at last learned to walk at sea, eat at table too, and attempted to write a letter home



to be sent off the first opportunity, but found it would be prudent to wait a little longer.

JUNE 20TH.—The wind changed a little this A.M. and I rushed on deck to see what the matter was, found that I could not walk straight, it was blowing quite a gale; what mountain waves and how beautifully our ship mounts over them! I determined to weather the gale until I had satisfied myself in admiring some of old Neptune's freaks; so by hard persuasion, got Mr. B. to take me up into the very prow of the vessel. There we sat for a long while with our heads hanging over the side of the ship, much impressed by the great volumes of spray, which would rush up threatening to overwhelm us, then be blown away in little particles, like fairies dancing over the waters leaving behind them from the rays of the sun, the various colors of the rainbow. O, it was a sight never to be forgotten.

JUNE 25TH.—To-day we are in the tropics, and the Captain says nearer to the sun than he ever was before, *eight miles* nearer in distance (?). "The sun is immediately above us; but the heat is not very oppressive yet. These pleasant breezes temper the atmosphere; if they should forsake us, we would be at the mercy of his rays with not a ripple to disturb the surface of the water. The last three days have been a little monotonous, as every one is feeling languid and good for nothing and lying luxuriously in bamboo chairs. We spend our mornings usually in studying Chinese (*we* have learned nearly 100 radicals of this (the Chinese) very difficult language. Old Mr. Doty, an Amoy missionary is our teacher and encourages us much and says it will be quite a help in reading Japanese, as Chinese bears the same relation to Japanese that Latin does to the English language. After luncheon we ladies form

a sewing circle, while one of the gentlemen reads either from "Pickwick" or "Innocents Abroad." The evenings we usually spend on deck either singing, promenading or star gazing. This latter I am quite enraptured with, and have made out the whole Constellation of Orion, and single stars in four or five others. Our dear old north star we shall soon lose sight of, for it is fast sinking as we go down into the Southern hemisphere and new and strange constellations will appear. Then indeed I shall feel lonely, and will realize as I have never done before my great distance from you all, for there are associations of other days upon the face of the old stars to me, and pleasant is the thought that loved ones at home may be gazing and speculating upon them simultaneously with ourselves. The loss of the north star I shall feel when I look to the place in the heavens and find it vacant. How long it has been the emblem of faith and trust, a way mark and balancing point not only to us, but for centuries back. The poet chieftain of Israel, in his desert-wanderings with his murmuring people, and the Shepherds upon the star-lit plains of Chaldea gazed upon this very beacon; and yet to the noble polar star and thy every tender association I must for a while say good bye.

JUNE 26TH.—There too is our own magnificent Jupiter with large mild eye beaming brilliantly upon us, and there is the northern crown, and there bright Cassiopeia, and there shines noble Arcturus; he of whom it was said. "Canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?" (Job. 38 ; 32). All these I will soon leave behind, and as I cross that ridge in a few days which separates the northern from the southern hemisphere my eye will wander restlessly over the heavens in search of the friends of other days, and as

it sees them not tears will dim the sight, and detract from the brilliancy of the new ones that have taken their places. I do not often weep these days or even feel sad or lonely for I trustingly put my hand in my husband's, and I know he has put his in that of his heavenly Father, and Oh, how tenderly He is leading us, whither or to what we know not, but we do know that we can trust Him. I said, I did not often weep, but sometimes, and they are not tears of sorrow but of affection and fond remembrance; but to-day there is a change in the weather, a change in the comfort of the room, and soon there will be a change in the heavenly bodies presented to view. All this makes me nervous, and I feel sad and desolate, as though a good cry would do me good; whereupon I proceeded to give my pillow a good bath, my husband coming into the room and finding me so convulsed I could not speak to him, quietly took my hand and kneeling down by me spoke such words of sympathy and comfort, as to calm my tremor and strengthen my faith. These words were said to Jesus on my behalf, for he knew that he could be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, hence I was comforted as a mother comforteth her child, so sweetly did He send his Spirit to soothe and cheer me.

JUNE 27TH.—The "line" is crossed, and that great "brass rim" is left far in the distance, and things go on much the same as usual. At 12. S. to-day the sailors tried to get up some excitement, by dressing one of their number in most ridiculous style to represent Neptune, while the other sailors, not on duty, took clubs and brooms and drove him over board, as they thought his countenance did not prophesy fair weather for them. I was really concerned for the fate of "Old Neptune" as I saw him

leap overboard so daringly ; but I suppose he was kept from going to the bottom by certain ropes held firmly by certain companions, for on his returning among us, with a milder countenance, and doffing his hideous attire, the Captain presented them each with a bottle of beer and sweet bread and doubtless they had a great feast to celebrate "*Crossing the line.*" From this day on we shall look eagerly for the Cape of Good Hope.

JULY 1ST.—One whole month has fled, all too swiftly, and I had almost said idly wasted, but I reconsider that, for I think that to become master of some 200 radicals of the Chinese characters and to remember their meaning which may by too strong an emphasis be turned into something which we did not intend to say : to get just the right pronunciation, Mr. Doty tells us is quite a feat of scholarship, so we pride ourselves on having *done well*, and we have also the last month finished the first volume of "Motley's Dutch Republic," besides some light reading to while away the time. I have also had considerable sea sickness while passing through the "Doldrums" and making myself comfortable from the intense heat, was something we suffered for the "perfecting of patience." I have not murmured nor regretted the step I have taken, yet I have not borne the petty trials I have had with the patience and submission I should have done; my feeling should be all of love and gratitude that we sail by such favorable winds and on smooth waters knowing that

"Each leaping wave we meet  
Might prove a crystal winding sheet."

JULY 10TH.—This is wash day on board, as we were all greatly refreshed during the night by a heavy shower of rain, the sailors caught a considerable amount of it, and are making themselves

and their clothes clean and tidy. Last night there was no moon visible and we had a good view of the Magellan clouds; they somewhat resemble the milky way, but are darker and their outline is more distinct; they are three in number, and in the form of the letter V, the darkest one in the vertex of the letter has a bright star in the centre. The other two of the three clouds, are lighter in color and have no star—i. e. visible to the naked eye. We are almost in a dead calm to-day, and the sea as smooth as glass. The sun's rays are beating mercilessly upon us, but I do not feel the heat so much as previous to the rain. A solitary dolphin has been playing about under the ship's prow, as if in mockery of our motionless condition (Their motion is exceedingly rapid, and often when the ship is going at the height of her velocity, they will collect and sport in the foam directly under her bows.) I neglected to say that on the night of the 3rd Mr. B. and myself simultaneously discovered a comet and it seemed to be going in a north-westerly direction. We have some splendid sunsets in this latitude. The cloud effects here are lovely but simply indescribable.

JULY 12TH.—Yesterday we were all much excited and somewhat frightened by a "squall," which came up so suddenly that it terrified us. It had been so hot all day, that I remarked to the Captain in the p. m. that I should like to take a curtain and cover it over Old Sol's face; he replied that he thought I would be saved that trouble for he had noticed that a little cloud was rising, and he must watch it, with that he went on deck; and I followed him. Sure enough there was the cloud, but how black it was and how fast it was coming toward us! The Captain gave several orders to the sailors in a quick agitated voice and soon the whole vessel was in commotion.

Then he turned to the ladies and said "I think you had better go below; by this time the wind was blowing fearfully and the waves were madly rushing hither and thither tossing their foam upon the deck and all around us. I was disappointed when the Capt. commanded us to go below, for I wished to witness God's power upon the sea. The other ladies vanished in an instant but I, rebellious creature, stood braving the storm and the Capt's wrath, bareheaded and barehanded. I was perfectly entranced standing in the middle of the poop deck watching the storm, feeling no fear in my excitement. Mr. B. thought I was with the other ladies when they made their exit: but on looking out of the cabin door he was horrified to see me standing thus unprotected and immediately got my water proof and came for me. "Why, how dare you disobey the Capt. and besides you are in danger? come with me." "Oh please let us stay. Capt., may we not stay on deck?" "Yes, if you are not afraid, here get under this sail." But the charm was broken, I could not there see the water. However it was soon over and all Capt's care and precaution was for naught. He looked disappointed, for he says he never made such an unusually monotonous voyage; he likes the excitement of a storm occasionally and threatens to throw all the missionaries overboard to see who is the Jonah of the company.

JULY 15TH.—We are having cool and pleasant weather now, and the pigeons flying around our stern prove that we are getting down into the cold region of the Cape. This morning reminds one of our bracing October weather, I feel so much refreshed and invigorated by the change. Last night was my first good night's rest for a month and was cool enough to bear a blanket. We have had many

discomforts to put up with in our room between decks, but we do not wish to complain or make ourselves miserable about it.

JULY 20TH.—Off the Cape (Lat.  $28^{\circ}$ ,  $11'$ —Long.  $15.05$ . Ther.  $70^{\circ}$ ) cold and damp, dark and gloomy. I have heard, that it was quite a feat to “double the Cape” and I have some apprehensions for our safety, especially as the Capt. cannot take his observations for two days past. The sea for several days has been very turbulent, and of course I have been quite sick again though to-day the sea is steadier and I am on my feet, but there is little inducement to get up, for everything is wet and nasty ; but my bunk smelt so musty and damp that I was glad to leave it, and rest on this chair, where I am vainly attempting to get some idea of the sound of these Chinese characters, but Mr. D. tells me not to harass my mind and ears with the *sound*, if I get their form and meaning I will do very well.

JULY 24th.—What a cheering sight the sun ! Few persons appreciate it as seafaring men. This is a warm bright, lovely morning. After nearly two weeks of cold damp weather my apartments below after being flooded, may to-day be dried and cleansed. We have all our clothes out for an airing and every countenance looks brighter as the ship assumes her perpendicular and steady attitude and every one is busy “Cleaning up,” feeling relieved that we have accomplished the wonderful feat of “Doubling the Cape” successfully. Now we are flying along at 10 knots an hour towards the Indian ocean, and we begin to look with anxious hearts and appetites for the Island of Java where we expect to take in fresh provision for the old is rather stale, and scarce too.

AUG. 12TH.—You see we have entered on our 3rd month at sea, with a strong breeze and heavy

swell. "The sea is troubled and cannot rest" but the sun is shining and we speed on our way across the foaming waves. Oh the Indian ocean is charming, and these breezes delightful.

AUG. 25TH.—All my anticipated pleasure of landing at Angier has been more than realized. We sat in the rain on deck watching the Emerald Isle of Java and drinking in the spicy breezes from it fearing it would be too rough to go on shore; but as we approached the sun broke through the clouds and gave us a glorious day on shore. During the storm of rain we witnessed some water spouts which were magnificent and the lightning made the scene still more grand. Although the middle of winter there, the verdure was dense and Banyan, Palm, and Tamarind trees were in perfection. The Capt. gave permission to any who desired to go on shore, and there were few indeed who did not take advantage of this recreation, and in half an hour, we were snug in one of the ship's small boats dancing over the water to the shore. We were hospitably received and delightfully entertained by the Governor of the Island, and his lady, a native of Malacca. She spoke English beautifully and seemed to be highly educated; she soon had spread before us a nice collation of cakes, wine and fruits. After partaking of which, she proposed a walk through her grounds, which exhibited tropical productions in great variety from the richest flowers, down to the coffee and castor oil plant, and then we promenaded through the town, a Dutch Settlement of little importance. There I first saw the heathen in their squalidness and ignorance. When we approached their huts they would shrink back and hide themselves, as though mortified at their own inferiority. We could see sad evidences of the beetle nut in use both among



the males and females. This nut grows from a species of palm grown on the Island. How delicious the fresh juicy fruit tasted to us who had for nearly 3 months lived on ship biscuit and salt beef; how sweet the flowers smell, and how elastic the turf feels! Yet we must leave all this and go back to ship, and to its fare. Returned at sunset, pretty well tired out.

AUG. 26TH.—The beautiful Island of Java is fast fading in the distance and we are bouncing on our way north. The small islands around look regal in the sun's rays this morning. The highlands of Batavia are yet distinctly visible. Mr. B. has just brought me "Lyman and Mason" to refresh my memory with their noble sacrifices for that people. Our deck is strewn with Cocoa Nuts, Bananas, Tamarinds and Pumaloes and then we have more substantial things too, in the form of chickens, potatoes, &c. but to me the day's excursion was a recreation for body and mind, and I have gone to work with much energy to finish up fragments of work which must be done before we reach China.

SEPT. 7TH.—This is my husband's birthday and the only present I can give him this year is *myself*, he should have told me he was to have a birthday on board; but we are going so swiftly and pleasantly on our course just now, that he says it is joy enough for him that we will soon reach our desired haven. Spent the day on deck with my sewing hearing Mr. B. finish up "Motley". We were fortunate in striking the S.E. trade winds which take us gaily on our course without having to beat about among the variable winds which are oftentimes found in this latitude.

SEPT. 11TH.—"Land, ho! Land, Sir"! is the cry of the sailors this morning, it is Chapel Island just

off the entrance to Amoy, it sits like a pyramid on the waters, so beautiful in the sunlight and tapers up until its soft shadowy outline seems lost in the clouds nearer and nearer we go, but as we approach it looks cold, bleak and desolate. What a strange harbor is this on our right! The black rocks towering up look like so many sentinels standing to forbid our entrance; but on we go never heeding them; passing high lands and low rocks on which the surf beats mournfully. Now, it opens up more invitingly, we pass under Pagoda mountain, and by Pagoda Island with their strangely fashioned shrines to Buddha. Their Pagodas are exquisite specimens of their architecture. From every rocky height rises their tapering spires. Here is another built on a rocky promontory that stretches far into the bay: Oh it must be a 'land of beauty—but how dark! how dark! Not even so enlightened as the poor Indian, whose untutored mind sees God in everything, in the clouds and in the wind. These have no God, not even the frail deities of ancient mythology. The object of a Chinaman's worship is a man whose soul has been for thousands of years extinct. Their good deeds are counted as meritorious, as an offset to the sins daily committed. Their future life is a long transmigratory round of toil and suffering; and the acme of their promised bliss is annihilation.

It is not only one nation which hugs their own misery, refusing to be separated from it; but Buddhism in its various modifications, is the religion of more than one third of the population of the world; how strange, how preposterous, that so many millions will bow down to a man whose ashes were scattered to the four winds of heaven. It is a most glorious work to be permitted to kindle the fire which shall illuminate such a people, to plant the

seed of one pure principle in natures so degraded ! But how delicious the spicy land breeze is, I did not know we were so near our anchorage ; yes, there goes the clash of the anchor chain ; and there comes a house boat containing friends of the missionaries. Yes, it is my husband coming with his old schoolmate, Mr. Ostrov, who is inviting us to stop with him, while the ship is in the harbor.

SEPT. 12TH.—After a day and night's refreshment and communion with friends we are back on the Kathay ; we have parted with four of our little company which makes room for us in the cabin. Mr. B. had our things removed from between decks this A.M. I did not know the amount of discomfort I was enduring there ; until I see the greater comfort and convenience of this. I fear I am going to be ill, I have not felt well for several days. Our room between decks becoming in the hot season unendurable, I spent most of my time on deck, and imprudently slept in the companion way, one or two nights. Have had a severe pain in my side and soreness in my bowels, ever since doing this, and the cold bath I took at Amoy made it worse.

SEPT. 22ND.—For the last ten days have been quite ill ; threatened with pneumonia. I think I suffered more than I remember to have suffered before but my pains were greatly alleviated by good nursing. I have a most horrible idea of this Chinese Sea—what freaks she does enter into, and how unnecessarily restless she seems. The ugly winds we are having produce an uncalled for number of cross currents, making the vessel careen and pitch about in a most unbecoming manner and then the tumult and creaking of the cordage, the dash of the waters, and the howling of the winds. " The winds and the sea roaring," seem to make a great deal more

commotion in this sea than in the Atlantic or Indian Ocean but my sickness has made me very nervous, and I notice the motion more, perhaps, but the China Sea has gotten my ill will for ever I fear.

SEPT. 23RD.—At anchor in the mouth of the Yangtse Kiang, 20 miles distant from Shanghai; mercifully preserved from alarm as well as great danger. A drifting junk with no one at the helm nearly came into collision during the night. Came to anchor here at dark last evening waiting for a pilot. In sight of light ship. The Yang Tse "Ocean Child," is like its parent, restless; a strong tide setting out, no land to be seen on either side, strong wind and heavy rain, the Capt. and all are quite blue, but for my part, feel very thankful to be quiet a while, for the constant pitching and rocking for the last two weeks is a weariness to the flesh. Some danger from pirates.

SEPT. 24TH.—Day stormy, as the previous one but the clouds look lighter. O for a sight of the Sun! Took my meals at the table to-day, first time since leaving Amoy. Mr. B. took compassion on my weakness and packed my trunk to-day and now we are ready to land, only waiting for a pilot, but patience, patience. Surely it is trying to be so near land and not able to discern anything (for the mist-) not even a fish in these muddy waters; and yet this is what these people drink and I am told there are often seen dead bodies floating in it.

A faint wind dallies about the deck and creeps over brow and cheek with a soft and more gentle touch as though it had an idea of promising something fair. Ah, there it comes, the sun struggling through the clouds. Oh, what a harbinger of peace and hope was that ray of sunshine, for I so much feared to spend another night here.

SEPT. 25TH.—No pilot yet ! wind “ dead ahead,” but a beautiful sun-rise revealing a rough red river, but surely I heard a strange voice, it must be the pilot ; yes 'tis he ; and he says we have risked a great deal, he has not been down this far for nine days ; an uncommonly rough season, a series of Typhoons, a great many wrecks and a great deal lost. This much I can overhear ; and I am reproaching myself for any feeling of impatience, when we were detained through so much mercy.

SEPT. 26TH.—Pilot thought best to remain here until morning, and now we have fair weather and wind which is taking us on towards Woosung. Passed light ship at 6 A.M. and will soon come to the formidable “ bar.” This is a long sandy bank, over which ships do not usually pass without a pilot. The Kathay signaled by different colored flags a distance of 12 miles : if this signal is read it will probably bring boats to meet the passengers.

SEPT. 27TH.—A fine bright morning. I arose early to get my first impression of Shanghai from the harbor, but very little can be seen of the city, view obstructed by large steamers, something like New York. I feel at home again to see so much life, but here come the house boats to meet the passengers, we are not expected so we will hardly be met, we neglected to get letters of introduction so will have to go to an hotel. We were in hopes of finding a steamer for Japan so we could go directly on board, but pilot tells us that the steamer left some days ago but our kind heavenly Father who has led us thus far will provide for us. I see a boat far across the waters. Let us hope the solitary missionaries will be remembered.

SEPT. 28TH.—At the Rev. Mr. Keith's of the American Episcopal Mission :—Yes, the “ Solitaires”

were remembered. Our boat contained Mr. Gamble of the Presbyterian Mission and Mr. Keith of the Episcopal, but they were not in search of us. They had made provision for entertaining the McClays who had gotten off at Amoy ; so Mr. K. immediately claimed us instead, another mark of Divine favor. The Episcopal Mission is delightfully situated on the Island of Hong Kew. Their houses are large and airy and the grounds tastefully laid out. Bishop Boone lives near us. The dear good man called to see us very soon and addressed me thus, in leaving, "You seem very young, my dear, do not let the worries of life discourage you ; but as a missionary you will have need of patience, Let *patience* have *perfect work* but persevere and stand close by the cross."

OCT. 3RD.—Although it has been raining almost every day since we came I have not felt it was disagreeable ; I *so* much enjoy these large airy rooms in being able to *spread* myself, I feel quite proud and am apt to forget that I am not yet at my journey's end, hence not done with close dark little cabins ; but I will enjoy these fresh land breezes and large airy rooms while I can after a four months surfeit of brackish ocean breezes and a musty little room, to drink in such air as this freighted with the odor of flowers and fresh turf is enough to turn one's head and make me forget that I am not at home. Moreover I deem it such a privilege to rest here awhile and witness their mission work. They have a large number of natives in their church here and each missionary one or two schools under his or her supervision. Mrs K. has two day schools, and assists her husband in translating. Mr. K. is engaged in translating Genesis into the Colloquial in Roman character. This morning visited Miss Jones' School,

and witnessed a Chinese marriage, a very silly affair to describe by letter. There are 30 scholars in this school, most of whom are boarders or adopted at the age of 8 or 10 and kept in school until 18 or 20. The training of their minds and morals, the oversight of their wardrobes, together with house keeping and itinerating is no small duty, and makes one wonder where the romance of missions comes in. Perhaps you may think me too prolix in my journalizing, but remember it is the only connection which I have with you all at home, and I begrudge a day in which I have not time to "run in" and give you some picture of social and missionary life here in this "strange mysterious East." Is it any wonder that my pen loves to linger on the paper when it causes me to think the oftener of you, besides I want to interest you in our work.

OCT. 12TH.—This morning with Mrs. Keith and Miss Harris had an expedition to the city, somewhat more pleasant than the last (when I got sick from the filth and distressing sights). We went first to the establishment of the blind, the place was large and airy but ceilings low purely a Chinese Institution, probably through the influence of foreigners. We next went to a Buddhist Temple quite elegant with elaborate carvings and artistic designs; next we went to a "Tea Garden," not a garden of tea plant, but a public place where entertainments and picnics are held. It was very large, and it took us sometime to climb over and go round the artificial mountains, look through their miniature Pagodas, and peep into their little grottoes. Long before we were satisfied we had to leave as we were to dine with the Muirheads of the London Miss. Soc. So you see we are kept busy.

OCT. 13TH.—Today we visit Mr. Thompson's

school in the interior of the city not far from our Tea Garden, the most elevated place in Shanghai, whether artificial or natural cannot say. Oh! the dampness of this city is horrible; always flat and marshy, paper becomes in a short time unfit for writing, straw matting is spoiled by mildew. The chairs and tables unless constantly rubbed contract a coat of mold; it is impossible to preserve the pretty bindings of books. There is not a hill to be seen and none to be found within 40 miles, you may judge people know something of ague here. To sleep in a lower room is almost sure to induce it. I am thankful Japan is "diversified and hilly, *comparatively healthful*." Letters from Japan were awaiting us on our return. Our colleague Mr. Brown gives us a hearty welcome and desires that we hasten on, which we are anxious to do, but these is nothing but a small brig up for Japan.

OCT. 15TH.—Mr. B. preached in the "London Chapel" for Dr. Bridgman yesterday. After sermon Mr. B. saw me wrapped comfortably in my sedan chair, for it was damp and cold, then tried to explain to the coolies he wished them to go slowly, that he might walk beside me, but they feeling that we were entirely in their power, went off at the top of their speed and soon lost sight of Mr. B. I stamped my foot and cried in vain, "man", "man," stop! They rushed on carrying me I knew not whither. But at last they sat me down at Bishop Boone's Chapel, supposing it was there I wished to go. Mr. B. soon ran up all out of breath and gave them a good scolding in English which Mrs. K. reiterated in Chinese. They think it great fun to thus take advantage of strangers.

OCT. 18TH.—Mr. B. has engaged passage for Japan on that little schooner to leave in 4 or 5 days; an



invitation to Bishop Boone's this evening ; have been to the city shopping, am tired, and fear I shall be dull. Called today on Mrs. Nye a fellow passenger, her children looking well and so delighted to get to their elegant home.

I begin to feel quite at home here and in some respects am sorry to leave. Though I long to put my foot on some soil that I can call "home".

OCT. 23RD.—Came aboard the small brig "Ida Rodgers" this A.M. accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Keith. They were horrified with our quarters ; even I am quite sensible it is not the Kathay, but try to put a cheerful courage on and make the best of it. I do not think I have ever seen Mr. B. as much disheartened ; What with the filth that is quite perceptible, ants, cock-roaches and rats scampering over and into every thing ; a little low dark cabin, no deck, a corpse on board, inefficient and small crew ; the promise is anything but flattering for a pleasant passage ; and I confess that my heart went down into my shoes at the first glance, but I try not to show it, and talk cheerfully to my husband of how nice we can fit up our room for I see that he is annoyed exceedingly, only on my account. Mrs. K. is kind and considerate to the last, supplying and suggesting many things for our comfort. How much I shall miss her sisterly affection, witty and edifying conversation, pleasant manners and ardent piety. Trust her loss may be made up to me ; I know nothing of the associates among whom we are going, the future is still future ; long or short, happy or mournful, "all to me unknown", but I know what is far better, we are here at our Father's command, and are at this moment the subjects of this care, and nothing can befall us but what is permitted by Him.

OCT. 24TH.—This morning did not get a mouthful to eat until 11 o'clock and lunch at 3:30, but I hope it will be better when we get fairly "under way". The river is much less turbulent than when we went up. I do not feel the motion yet.

OCT. 25TH.—We shall have to spend one more night in this "*piratical*" vicinity and then away to the bosom of the deep—just passing the last land mark, the lightship. Farewell to dark benighted China, may your eyes soon be opened to the light which is held even at your very doors.

NOV. 1ST.—Surely we have had our only experience of sea going in the last two weeks. The Kathay large commodious and comfortable and the pleasant sailing in the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, quite spoiled us for any rougher experiences. This little craft turns about just like a cork upon the water. I have been fearfully sea sick, could neither eat nor sleep and of course feel very weak from the want of such refreshment. This morning being so bright and lovely my husband carried me up on deck, and I feel much revived; we are in sight of land too, some of the smaller Isles of Japan. How I long to press my foot upon them and drink in their spicy breezes, everything tastes and smells so brackish and shippy here.

NOV. 3RD.—We are opposite Kiushiu, the most southern of the Japan group, can see distinctly the nature of the Island. The whole main land composed of innumerable rugged peaks from little hills to mountains. Fir trees crowning the top and sides of many of them; what a relief after flat stagnant Shanghai! but what is most attractive is the approaching volcano. We are making preparations to "heave to" for the night. How provoking to do so every night even, when there is a favorable

wind that would soon bring us to our journey's end ; now nothing can be seen of the volcano but the smoke and perhaps by morning we will have lost sight of it from the strong current.

Nov. 4TH.—Calm, spring-like morning. Our proximity to these beautiful islands quite invigorates me. We made a little progress during the night, and are now out of Van Dieman's Strait.

Nov. 9TH.—Well, at last we have had a little experience of the much dreaded Typhoon which is so destructive on this coast.

All the day of the 6th I felt very uncomfortable from an unusual swell of the sea and had to go to bed. Mr. B. came in and told me the Capt. feared we were in proximity to a Typhoon, the ship was then under strong "storm stay sail" rolling and plunging dreadfully, and wind and rain, covering the sea with mist and foam. I raised my head and looked out into the cabin. There sat the men all ranged a row with their backs against the partition and their feet against the table to brace themselves, very mute and solemn they sat. Sick as I was I could not but laugh and try to say a cheery word, "Companions in misery, cheer up, soon we'll anchor in the harbor"; that brought a faint smile, but I do believe they were all *sea sick*. While without I heard the waves lash and break against the sides of the vessel and the wind whistling and howling past making every joint and spar of our frail little craft groan and creak as though it were coming to pieces, and at another gust, it seemed to be lifted out of the water; and after turning a general summersault, came down again quivering in every joint, and the billows as they broke upon us, threatened to scatter us into ten thousand fragments, filling the cabin with water, and thus it went on with the ship roaring and

plunging, reeling and tumbling all night long, and all the next day until midnight of the following day. Oh, how my bones ached after such a racking, and how sick I was, with holding on to the sides of my bunk, although my husband had stuffed in pillows to keep me quiet and moderately comfortable. And 'Twas God who pinioned the wings of the wind, and said to the waves thus far shalt though go and no farther".

NOV. 10TH.—We are going on briskly this morning with the mountains of Nippon in full view. Towering above them all stands peerless Fuji Yama (The sacred mountain of Japan) looking very cold and unreal with its snow covered cone. We passed Cape Idzu at noon and are now approaching Cape Sagami but we will "lie to" for the night before reaching it, and yet we have such favorable wind for going on, I am so impatient to be at our journey's end. How often have I thought of good Bishop Boone's advice about patience, since coming on this schooner. It has been nothing but a call for 'Patience' the whole way over. Well, it cannot be long now but too late for enthusiasm or poetry.

NOV. 11TH.—Beating against a head wind Capt. doubtful whether he can make the entrance to Yedo bay perhaps another "tack" may take us in. There is a great swell on the sea and there are countless little white specks bobbing up and down on the water which we ascertain as we come nearer to be Japanese fishing boats. There, a turn of that point has brought us in and the water is much smoother already; but we are yet some 15 miles from Yokohama; will not reach it till long after dark when everything will be obscure to us. Webster and Perry are two pretty little Islands now in view. They were named after our great states man and Com. Perry

by some of the officers of his expedition. The larger and more massive with its granite sides, is a fit memento of Webster's statesmanship and mental character. Fujiyama, ubiquitous as ever just over and above it forms a fine background for it. 4 P.M. I had hoped by this time to be in our new home, but here we are rolling among the furrows of the "unquiet, unfriendly and dreadful sea;" but the Capt. assures us we will be in a *little after dark*. And what are my feelings in approaching this land, that it is a dreadful thing to live, a thing for many reasons more to be dreaded than death. And this new life on which I am about to enter crowded with responsibilities seems very heavy for me. All the future is shut away from me by heavy clouds, that I cannot look beyond but I would not if I could lift this veil; we must live this life moment by moment with a trustful faith, and all will go well.

## LETTER I

KANAGAWA, JAPAN.

Nov. 13TH 1861.

The feeling of isolation and weariness in a nearly six months' sea voyage via Cape of Good Hope to Japan is sufficient to make one welcome the first sight of land, even though it be a heathen land and every hilltop has its sacred shrine. The land in this instance invested with all the interest of a future home and has all the beauties and glories of the Orient. The people are by no means savage but kind and courteous, intelligent and progressive. Is it strange, under these circumstances that one could forget the deformities of heathenism and the moral

desert into which one goes, in the first sight of such luxuriant beauty, and be proud to call it *home*? Then come with me over seas and across oceans while I attempt to interest you in a land that is bright and beautiful, yet knows not that its moral condition is lost in the mists of childish superstition. It is the country, not our dwelling place that we call home; our abode is not at all homelike. Can you guess where we are living? I think not, but when I mention the place you will readily see why it is not homelike.

A Buddhist temple is not the worst place in the world to initiate one to life in a heathen land. It looked more comfortable and cheery, than grand and imposing, the night we arrived, weak from seasickness, and bruised and sore from the continued thumping and surging of the restless old ocean. It is enchanting to be here—to be anywhere on dear old Mother Earth again, having a clean, snug little room all to ourselves in this strange old temple. We arrived at the end of a cold, bleak November day—my twenty-first birthday. Our colleagues, and Browns, had gone to the Yokohama wharf to meet us, but they were too early for our ship, so they returned to a friend's house to await our coming. In consequence, we had to walk the whole length of that new and peculiar settlement before finding them, and then walk back again in the dark, to go aboard boat for Kanagawa. Said boat was a small open one manned by half naked men, shouting, groaning and hissing to a kind of chant. I wished, yet dreaded to ask, to what sort of a place they were taking us; hence my glad surprise when the large heavy gates were thrown open, to see this great handsome building, or pile of buildings with a wide stone walk leading up to them. The B's. occupy

the priest's house adjoining the temple, and Mr. G., a Baptist missionary, a little house in the grounds ; while Dr. Hepburn, (M.D.) lives in the temple alone, his family having gone to America, and we were invited to live with him in his loneliness. " This is our missionary compound " said Mrs. B. " and the only one of its kind in this part of Japan. Welcome to your island home ".

After a night's refreshing rest, a view by daylight of the temple shows elaborate carvings and artistic designs, a mingling of awkward simplicity with magnificence quite as clumsy, so that one is in a strait to know which feeling predominates—the ludicrous or the pathetic. In everything we see the same fantastic extravagance and picturesque beauty, quite in keeping with the people. Their ridiculous manners and customs, contrasted with their dignified demeanor, and reverence and polite homage to us who are strangers, seemed as queer to us as we likely seemed to them. You know our introduction to heathenism was in Shanghai, where we had to remain three weeks, waiting for a ship to bring us to Japan and at last had to take passage in a small, ill-provisioned brig. During our few hasty trips to the native city there, cases of extreme distress and suffering met us at every turn: miserable beggars, some sick, extended on the ground, in the last struggles of life. There were also many little hillocks, tiny houses and mat-covered boxes disfiguring the fields and banks of the river. These I took to be graves, or rather places where the dead were deposited, for they could scarcely be said to be buried. One cannot go twenty rods in any direction without seeing these little hillocks, and sometimes dogs disturb these remains, as they are but slightly covered with earth. The poorer classes often throw

their dead into the river, for they cannot afford a burial. The howling and wailing for the dead is horribly distressing. Then to see the Chinese ladies with silk garments beautifully wrought, hobbling along on their little feet, creates nearly as much sympathy, for they are nothing but cripples, being obliged to hold on to everything they can catch to support themselves. The operation of binding the feet is commenced when they are mere babes, and the suffering is intense, I have heard. Fortunately it is confined to the higher classes. How the prejudices and customs of heathenism narrow the mind and bind the soul! It is their conscience—in fact, they have no such word as conscience in their language. Now try to estimate, if you can, the amount of teaching necessary to convey the first principles of Christianity; and then where are the invaluable secondary influences that in Christian lands do more than the direct teaching? We are ready to cry “O Lord, who is sufficient for these things?”, and yet has he not said, “All the ends of the earth shall see his salvation”. Yes, from the moral disorder and chaos which sin has wrought, God will reproduce man once more in his spiritual image. In this fair portion of the world, now so long the scene of rebellion and hateful idolatries, He will cause to be built a temple for perpetual worship, and this temple is fast rising in pagan China, and may we not believe the foundations are even now being laid in the “Sunrise Kingdom?” Although the instrumentality be feeble and the work progress slowly and many imperfections mar its beauty, the temple to God’s praise shall arise in both these lands.

I visited four different schools while in Shanghai, each having from thirty to forty scholars, and



though Shanghai "is desperately wicked", the heaven will spread the good influence of the thirty missionaries there, be felt till the whole is leavened. Many calumnies have been uttered respecting missionaries there by men who have professed to visit the places where they labor and saw nothing of the results of their work. But these are more than answered by the fact that nearly one thousand pounds are contributed annually for the support of these schools by the English residents who live among the missionaries and see the result of their labors. These "globe-trotters" think our zeal might have been better employed at home. Here, they say, we have no adequate return for our trouble. Then comes up the objection of the treachery and wickedness of heathen converts. Can they not find a parallel case in the history of the primitive churches? See the sinfulness of many who had apostolic teaching; and did not a Judas betray our Savior? The grace of God is as powerful for good now as it was then. He can breathe upon these bones and animate them with life from himself, but He chooses human instrumentality, and it is only as we are filled with his Spirit that our work is effective.

The sight of heathenism there made me eager to alleviate the distress and misery it has caused here; though I see not the ignorance, distress, poverty and filth, I see the haughtiness, bigotry and conceit more, and it fills me with inexpressible sadness and regret for that which I cannot for years to come, help or combat in any way; for Christianity is not only forbidden, but vilely suspected here. Why? In the sixteenth century, when the Europeans first came to Japan, the Jesuit missionaries accompanied the traders and succeeded in converting the Southern provinces to

the Roman faith. They and their religion became so popular that at last they entered into a conspiracy with some of the disaffected daimios, and attempted to overthrow the government of the Tycoon, or the Shogun and make Christianity the state religion. The conspiracy was discovered and the Jesuits and priests were banished; a terrible persecution of the native Christians followed. From that time till today a strict espionage has been placed around Christians and the missionaries, Christianity was supposed to be swept from the land; the very name was written in blood, and suspects were made to trample upon the cross, and the edict against Christianity was posted in every public place. The Japanese of later days have learned to look back upon that bloody chapter in their country's history and associate the "Yaso" followers with intrigue and rebellion. Now as foreigners have gained entrance a second time to this land and missionaries have been allowed to settle at Nagasaki and Kanagawa we have to be doubly careful to teach them that our religion is different from the Roman, that we do not bring altars, candles, and crucifixes, but proclaim the simple story of the Scriptures. The ominous edict boards still prohibit "the evil sect", the name of Jesus is still misunderstood. We have great prejudices to overcome, and confidences to gain before we can teach them that ours is a religion of peace and charity. Strict espionage is placed around the missionaries. Within our enclosure inside the gateway are two or three small houses each having several government officials, who, we suspect, take note of, and report all our actions. We found our co-laborers, the Browns of the Reformed Church and Dr. Hepburn of the Presbyterian, occupying these temple grounds and houses,

and very cozy and comfortable they proved to be. You know—or likely you don't know, for I did not until arriving here—that all the land, and I believe, many houses, are owned by the government, and as they have a surplus of temples, they gave one with the priest's house attached, for the little sum of twelve dollars per month. Both the foreign families have been here already two years and seem quite at home with the natives as well as with the language. Dr. H. has no family with him now; they left their only child at college in America, and Mrs. H. rather impaired in health and longing to see her son, left here about two months ago, in company with other missionaries from China. The doctor, tired of keeping bachelor's hall, kindly invited us to live with him, which we gladly agreed to, as all our furniture had not arrived. The temple and grounds are beautiful without, but it is rather dark and gloomy within; although the doctor had the idols removed and glass windows and paper partitions put in. We were received by the Brown family en masse, except Mr. B. who is absent in China. The kind Dr. Hepburn met us at the door with a beaming smile, and led us through a large reception room with but little furniture, into the snuggest of sitting-rooms. This, he said, should be for us, provided we would give him the liberty of coming in when he chose. Our bedroom opens out of this sitting-room, and the doctor's study and bedroom are on the opposite side of the house. I felt at home at once, as the cheerful old Franklin with its bright wood fire, reminded me so much of my Virginia home. I thought of our daily text, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him". Truly the Lord is with us and has brought us into a goodly place. After having family prayers, we

separated for the night. On getting up this morning, we found it raining (and it *does* rain here) which prevented my going over to see our neighbor, the Browns, so I concluded to make an investigation of this old temple, and went to the front door. Opening it wide to give more light, I then groped my way back to the kitchen door and threw it open. Then beckoned to one of the servants. He was intelligent and bright looking and seemed to understand that I wished to see the altar. He jumped up with considerable activity to remove the rubbish, so that my curiosity might be gratified. It seems that this is the lumber room of the house and the good doctor has a great many things stowed away here. The carving of the altar piece was rude and daubed with gay paint. By signs, Sada made me understand that the idols were in a little house in the grounds. Then he pointed toward the open kitchen and said something like "daidokoro". I did not understand, but he was evidently pleased to help me in my investigations. He was inviting me into the kitchen, *his* domain. It was a small place but everything was in perfect order and scrupulously clean and neat. Then he took me into a little side-or back-passage and showed me that this was a more convenient way for me to come to the kitchen.

But here comes my husband, looking drenched by the storm. He started out early this morning to see about getting our boxes and trunks off the ship, and says he has had a weary and perplexing day, trying to get the things without subjecting them to the examination of the customs officers. The officers were suspicious of him and did not wish our effects brought over here; they wished us to reside in Yokohama (where the commercial community live) so he was obliged to leave the things there. Thus

it is not decided as yet where we are to live, but Dr. H. thinks he can set all things straight tomorrow ; until then, adieu.

14th. Thursday.—The clouds have cleared away from our prospects of getting settled, but not yet from the heavens ; it is still unpleasant and rainy. How much I wish it would brighten up a little so that I might see something of this land of beauty. D. H. went off with Mr. B. this morning and brought off several trunks without going near the customs ; so bright and early, I dived into them, and such a shaking out of wrinkles, and hanging out in the air, to get the ship's odors out of them !

The unfolding of each article made me very sad, for I well remembered the hands that had so carefully packed them away in my trunks. All seemed in a good state of preservation. Many a familiar face spoke to me as I opened the various daguerreotypes of friends. I have placed them in my room but think I shall seldom look into them, for it makes me feel as though I had just come from your funerals. Six months ago we were married ; now we are fairly settled in a heathen temple in Japan, unpacking our things preparatory to "setting up" in married life. We do not expect to make a start at the language until next week.

I find already that there are not many facilities for learning it, and there are no opportunities for benevolent action at hand. I fear there are many plodding, patient years before there will be. How significant the prayer, "Lord, increase our faith". I hope there are some in America and many in the South whom we may feel free to ask to entreat the Lord for us that as we have begun this work in earnest, we may have the grace of patient continuance, and thus we may honor the Master and promote His

kingdom. That petition, "Thy kingdom come" has acquired new force since I gave myself to this one object. You know that half of the Lord's Prayer relates not immediately to ourselves but to our Father and to His kingdom. I think we do not often enough realize what those petitions include. I am sometimes astonished when I look over the promises to the heathen as to the number and fullness of the good things that are promised. But God will be "inquired of concerning this", and until we are brought to feel this, we cannot pray for His reign of righteousness to come as we should, nor will it come until the heathen are brought in. And who are to do it? How good of God to pick up a poor weak instrument like me for instance, and bring me safely half way around the globe and give me an interest in this work. Is it not just like Him though to make something out of nothing! If He only empties my heart of all worldliness, and puts his spirit to fill the vacuum what may I not become! I hope to be a vessel that He can use.

How much I think of you all! and wonder, now that I know that the much dreaded war cloud has burst over the home land, how it effects my dear ones there! How homesick it makes me, to see these huge steamers out in the harbor, and realize they are coaling for a home voyage. This beautiful bay of Yedo is filled with all kinds of sea craft, from big steamers and huge awkward looking Chinese junks, to the little light flotillas of Japanese fisher men. There rising in the west is a new moon illuminating the bay and its shipping, and makes more beautiful this fairy land by hiding the scars and ugly places and glorifying even the old temples, while the deep toned bronze bells, send their music far across sleeping Japan out into the waters to the

Ocean. Can you hear them calling to prayer, while you sleep on the other side of this earth? Oh, that I had the power to turn it round and take a peep at you, then I should not feel so far off.

## LETTER II

KANAGAWA, JAPAN.

NOV. 20TH. 1861.

Last week I sent an account of our arrival and reception in the land of the "Rising Sun", by a barque going to California. I thought I would not write to *you* until my emotional nature was aroused. I am greatly distressed that I can not feel. I seem as callous and indifferent to all the heathenish things done around me as if it were a matter of course and perfectly right; while my better judgement tells me it is perfectly wrong, and must not be allowed to go on. Seeing heathenism with all its revolting practices, I am convinced will either cause the soul to be deadened to the wickedness of it, or will cause a deeper disgust and hatred of it because it is so displeasing to God. Now I am distressed that I do not hate it more; there is a morbidness about my moral nature that I had not suspected before, and in vain I try to put the knowledge from me by trying to account for my feelings (or rather, my not feeling) by laying the fault to the fatigues of the voyage, this dull weather, and my utter inability to do anything for this people. Yes, I am certain there is requisite a greater degree of grace to live in this land than at home, and the cry "Who is sufficient for these things" often rises to my lips. Then come the same indifferent, callous feeling. If I could do anything, or saw that anything

was being done as in Shanghai, I should feel different. When I actually take hold of the language I think I shall feel better. Our teacher was to have been with us today, but for some reason he has disappointed us. I shall have a fine opportunity now for study for a few months, as I am only a boarder with the doctor, and his servants are well-trained. Mr. B. is today unpacking his stoves, hardware &c. Out on the stone walk before the door of a heathen temple, lie our bed, chairs, table, &c., which were boxed in New York.

This temple was built 200 years ago. The same building that arose with the edict against Christianity in this country is now the comfortable shelter of Christian missionaries, and our constant prayer is that since it has once been cleansed from idols, it may never be used for that purpose again. The Lord's Supper has many times been dispensed here, and we hope it may some day become the edifice for a large congregation of Japanese to worship the one living and true God.

I fear from the commencement of this letter, you may think me lonely and depressed in spirit. I feel indeed with increased intensity, the reality of separation from country and friends, and I know the

NOTE :—Twenty years later. We have kept up our interest in the place and its inhabitants since leaving it, and when not working ourselves, have had native helpers working there, but it is a hard field, when after twenty years, we can only count six or eight converts. And then to see our temple-home desecrated by idol worship again is a great trial to our faith; but has He not said "My word shall not return unto me void". Seed has been sown there in the hearts of some which I am convinced will some day spring up and bear fruit. As for the temple it cannot have been much more successful in enticing hearers to the Buddhist doctrine, than it was to the Christian, and whenever a large congregation is gathered there, it will not be difficult to procure it, if wanted.



bitterness of tears, but in all this, there is perfect peace and happiness. It is a profitable time for me, a time in which I am taught new, sweet lessons of duty and privilege, and I can add my testimony to all who have tasted the Savior's faithfulness. If he requires a difficult service, he gives abundant strength, consolation and reward in its performance. If he says, "Go teach all nations", he graciously assures his servants, "Lo, I am with you, even to the end of the world". Those who resign all things to obey him, do they not prove the reality and fullness of this unspeakable blessing, the Savior's presence in all their way and in all their work?

Every day I think of you all, but more frequently of that dear aunt who has been to me as a mother, and who bravely and cheerfully gave me up for Christ's service, and if need be, to suffer for him. She was called the same day, to a great, if not a greater trial, that of giving up a brother, and saying farewell to many young friends going to battle, the day of my marriage. It was a time of deep excitement when I left; Virginia, as one man, was walking up to defend her soil and her rights, how the contest has been decided, I know not, but do know it has cost me many painful and anxious thoughts about the safety of my friends. We receive a great many New York papers here, but the news is generally two months old when we get it. I seldom look at one for fear of seeing the destruction of some Va. regiment depicted in most extravagant style. I have been writing this with little hope that it will reach you on account of the blockade. Oh, but for one letter from you, of some news of you, so that I might know of your welfare. This suspense is cruel indeed.

But here is the "ya-o-ya", and as the doctor asked me to buy some vegetables and fruit for dinner,

I must go and attend to it. Let me see ; he has spinach, but not very tender ; turnips, squashes and potatoes—both Irish and sweet ; then he has nuts, a large chestnut, and a kind of walnut, persimmons, oranges and grapes. Now these are only the winter vegetables and fruits. I select what I want and pay him with a few copper coins strung on a straw rope, and after thanking me by a low bow, making a deep inspiration at the same time, and passing the money up to his head and touching his forehead with it, he throws the string into his baskets, takes them up on each end of a pole and placing the pole across his shoulder, he trots off to another house. We get beautiful fish here in great variety ; they are different from home fish ; they are taken around in the same manner as the vegetables, so that our marketing is not a very laborious business. We have to send to Yokohama to get our beef, however, which is passable. We get a little pork occasionally, but the mutton is too expensive for us missionaries to look at. The Japanese have no sheep, hence mutton must be imported from China and hence the expense. The flour made here is very dark ; we usually mix it with California flour for making bread. It is ground in the primitive way between two stones, a little water being mixed in the grinding. Very little wheat is raised, as the people subsist principally on rice, fish and seaweed, and a vegetable which is raised in summer and pickled for winter. It is something between a radish and turnip, and is two feet or more in length—in fact, I say, it goes clear through the earth and you get the little round end of it over there. The pickled form of it, is as horrible to our nostrils, as our cheese is to theirs. A little buckwheat is also raised, so that we occasionally indulge in buckwheat cakes. You see there is no danger of

our starving, though I begin to long for a little milk to put in my coffee, and some nice, fresh butter. There are cows here, but the people do not milk them, consequently we have to get our butter from America, and it is apt to become old-tasted. Now my dear aunt, feel assured, we are very comfortable and happy, but not very useful just yet. I know we have your prayers that we may become so. Asking the prayers of all those who desire the salvation of the heathen, that I may have grace to be faithful, I am most affectionately yours.

### LETTER III

KANAGAWA, JAPAN.

March 1862.

In recent letters from the North, they say they are glad to hear of our arrival and would like to hear our "opinion of the Orient." You must know, Japan, is not the far-off Orient of romance, but your nearest western neighbor, with whom it is time you were getting acquainted. Soon her youth will be pushing into your classrooms, her merchants are already supplying your silks and teas, her artists adorning your homes, her maidens will soon walk your streets and sit at your side to take counsel of you. "Yet you call this empire a puzzle; it is time this Oriental puzzle were solved and that you looked upon Dai Nippon in the light of a neighbor," with sympathy and without prejudice and find out how they think and feel, and reach out a helping hand to aid them in their earnest endeavors to win and hold a place among the foremost peoples of the earth.

We are employed, it seems to me vainly, in trying to make something of this language. I wondered at first how the Japanese could be a cultured people when getting an education with them simply meant learning to read and write ; but I find this "learning to read and write" involves a lifetime. The alphabet looks very easy at first—only 48 characters, so one begins quite encouraged, thinking 'I can easily master that,' but when these 48 are learned, then come the variations of three or four forms for each character. The woman's *kana* has to be kept distinct from that of the men, and as we proceed, every now and again comes a Chinese character ; and soon every other one is Chinese, and we find it is necessary to stop and learn Chinese before that or any other classical book, can be read. A Japanese book is a literary oddity. The Japanese alphabet is a syllabary, or complete table of syllables which makes it rather more complicated to write than the Chinese, which is also used here, and has about the same relation to the pure Japanese that Latin has to our own language. In writing "Yokohama" we require four syllables to spell it, while the Chinese characters for it are only two, and the meaning "across beach" would be much more quickly and clearly expressed thereby. I do not know but what the Chinese character, when written, is the more respectable of the two ; for the first glance into a Japanese book makes one wonder if those crooked irregular scratches can be made to convey any weighty ideas whatever. But such as they are, they are the only medium for the entire Japanese literature. Books in Chinese are very abundant here, and are read and understood, though the Chinese colloquial is not. The Chinaman, who is universally respected by the Japanese, has to learn

the Japanese colloquial in order to communicate with this people. The foreign merchant does all his business through the Chinese "comprador," the power behind the throne, and decidedly the most important man in many foreign firms. In most cases the native producer never sees the foreigner with whom he deals.

The women of Japan are much more important personages than in many half-civilized lands. There are books exclusively for them in "hiragana" (running character) having 48 principal characters and is pure Japanese, although each character has from 4 to 6 variations. This hiragana is so named to distinguish it from katakana or "side kana" which is small and square. This katakana is mostly used in scientific treatises. Anciently I believe, the spoken and written languages were identical; but when the literati began to study and compose books almost exclusively in Chinese, then it was that differences grew up between the colloquial and literary idioms. The infusion of these Chinese words steadily increased, so that the learned affected a pedantic style of conversation, so interlarded with Chinese words, names and expressions that to the more ordinary scholar, their speech was almost unintelligible. Buddhism is in a great measure, responsible for this, for Chinese is the vehicle of its teachings, and to this day, the Buddhist way of speaking is almost a complete tongue in itself. A Japanese dictionary usually gives the Buddhistic meaning of a word separately. These borrowed Chinese words were taken entirely from the written, and not from the colloquial, language of China, so that we are not harrassed by the Chinese sounds and tones. The Japanese literary style is very much more concise than the "spreadout" colloquial,

which abounds in interjections and particles used as inflections for the verb, and also a profuse use of honorifics or polite terms which defy translation, though they add grace and force to the language. As all that expresses the wants and emotions is usually simple and native, so we find it here, particularly with the women ; and among the anomalies with which Japan has surprised and delighted the world may be classed that of women's achievements in the domain of letters.

" It was woman's genius, not man's, that made the Japanese a literary language. Moses established the Hebrew, Alfred, the Saxon, and Luther, the German tongues in permanent form " ; but in Japan, while the men were aping the pedantic in foreign tongues, the women cultivated their own tongue, fully maintaining the credit of native literature, and stoutly resisting the new Chinese name or term suggested by husband or brother. Following their example, I have begun to form a grammar of pure Japanese words. In picking up a word I write it down under my list for nouns, adjectives or pronouns, &c. I have gotten the phrase for " What is this ? " (Kore wa nani). Every time I see a thing which I do not know, I blunder over this sentence ; then dot the name down under its particular column in my book which I always keep near me. Then I have it. So much for one month's observation and study of the language.

The first three days we were here, it rained incessantly, and I began to form gloomy ideas at least of this old temple. But for some weeks now, old Sol has been sitting on his throne with scarcely a cloud to dim his splendor, and the thermometer of my expectations has risen again. There is little of what in America would be considered comfort in

this old temple, rocking and creaking with the wind, dark and gloomy within, the rafters filled with mosquitoes and bats, the ceiling and doors are often carved or painted in gay colors, representing all the imps belonging to his Satanic Majesty. At a little distance from here and very near to the temple occupied by the English consul, in a much smaller temple which Mr. Brown secured for us if we should prefer living alone. It is surrounded by irregular piles of buildings on one side; and a graveyard on the other, and in the interior are some of the most grotesque architectural embellishments imaginable. Just think of an ugly, sly fox occupying a place by the side of the classic acanthus, and the sacred lotus. Immediately within the door stands a huge bronze censer with a hideous beast rampant upon it. He seems maddened by ascending clouds of irritating incense that puff out of his eyes and nostrils; around the top of the censer in high relief are the twelve signs of the zodiac, which are in this land, the rat, the ox, tiger, rabbit, dragon, serpent, horse, goat, monkey, cock, dog and hog. After seeing these things, and a great number of heathenish symbols, we declined taking the temple. (It was afterwards occupied by our gentlemen boarders.) The partitions between the rooms in this temple are mere paper screens, so that a word spoken in one room may be heard in the next. But to my eye, even these houses have an air of relative beauty about them which nicer ones would not have; but you know I was always odd in my tastes. I think I was made for an uncivilized land.

Now a little of outdoor scenery: over this I could go in raptures could I command the language to express my feelings; however, I will tell you in a simple way what we saw in a ride of a few miles

yesterday. Mr. B. bought for me a tiny spotted pony that formerly belonged to Mrs. Hepburn. He is a very spirited and playful pet; so with Miss A., a maiden lady staying with the Browns, and little Hattie B. on her donkey, and Mr. Ballagh, I took my first ride. We passed out through the great gateway and then through a long street, with our bettos or grooms, to attend to the horses. These grooms are as deer, and kept up with us all the way, leading the horses over rough places. Soon we came to the open country, followed however, by little ragged children, crying out "shinjo, shinjo!" (alms, alms). What a scene of beauty met our view in the valley through which we were passing. Not a stone or fence to mar its loveliness, resting quietly close to the village; while the rain that had but so lately fallen, made everything, at this season of the year look so fresh and green. We passed over it and up quite a steep hill which was crowned with a few large pine trees on a huge mound, said to be the burialplace of several princes. We stopped here a few minutes, then cantered over a high tableland, well wooded, and then began descending the hill, into a valley of most picturesque scenery, with rippling brooks, deep vales, old temples with high hedges around them; most beautiful evergreens, neat farms and thatched roofed hamlets. This was two miles from the town. Our escort said there was about a mile beyond, an old Buddhist monastery which she would like us to see, but Mr. B. thought we had better reserve that for another day. Soon after our return we had a call from our Minister, Hon. Townsend Harris, very sprightly in conversation, and easy and familiar in manner. I received with a good deal of interest, this man, who by his perseverance and firmness



in dealing with the wily, diplomatic Japanese, has gained so much for America and other nations ; and I saw that could we enlist him in our cause of spreading Christianity among this people so embittered toward the name of Christ, we would gain a friend indeed. (Note—He afterwards gave \$1,000 to supplement the \$1,000 that the Sandwich Islanders had given for the erection of the first native church in Japan, which amount was put at interest, and this with other monies, enabled us in five years to erect a church for \$7,000 very near the old treaty grounds).

What strange turn-about in life ! Two years ago I was in the "sunny South" with little idea that so soon after I would find myself waiting at the threshold of a great heathen nation, and while waiting and watching, inviting others to enter, and endeavoring to so entertain and interest them that they also will long to do something for a people so near and so eager to learn. Would that I could throw aside my pen and take my seat by your side, thus bringing nearer to you by personal contact the wants of this queer nation. You would overpower me with questions, I know, as to this and that in our adopted land. Let me see if I can anticipate what you wish to know ? First, you wish to ask if it seems strange to be here ? and if I am really contented after the novelty of the first month is over ? It certainly does seem strange to be here, and I often wonder if "I am I." True, I have measured half the world by ship-lengths and had some varied experiences, still I have survived and am now enjoying life in good measure. Nothing here, not even a bird or tree is like those across the water, and the few articles that bear a slight resemblance, must needs be called by a different name.

For instance, house is "uchi" (pronounced oochi); temple, is "tera"; God is "Kami": heaven is "ten"; and to say good morning, you must fall on your knees and bump your head on the floor, and say "ohayo" (pronounced the same as the "Buckeye State"). The first personal pronoun, which is so easily said and written by us, is here made a word of four syllables, "watakushi"; and the word "good" is a word of three syllables; both of these latter are in constant requisition in conversation. The Japanese do things contrarywise to us; for instance, in America a man wishing to injure his enemy, usually, kills him, while a Japanese kills himself to spite his foe and thus get honor for his own family. You are aware that in reading the character, we commence at what we call the back of the book, and read, not across the page, but in vertical lines downward. It is very hard to get used to these things; they tip ones' brains over considerably, and the idea of being under your feet and asleep, when you are awake, and awake when you sleep, is not very pleasant, if we should allow ourselves to dwell upon it at all. Then talking English in reversed fashion, as we have to do to one of the servants who speaks a little pidjin English is queer doings for your staid and dignified missionary. I am constantly reminded that this is not my native land, but I endeavor to feel at home and in the place where God intended me to be, and I am sure you pray for me that I may have grace to endure when the trials do come, which are always incident to this mode of life, though we are very pleasantly situated and very happy just now.

I must tell you of my fondness for horseback exercise, and the many pleasant rides we can take here. After studying all day we find it a delightful

and healthful recreation to take a canter on our ponies for fresh air. Such a one we had this P. M. on the Tokaido, or the only macadamized road in this part of Japan, leading from the Tycoon's capital, Yedo, to Miyako, the capital of the Emperor. This road passes through, and is the main street of this town, and is constantly used by the princes and their numerous retinues in passing to and from Yedo. As foreigners will use this road on their pleasure rides, and often refuse to conform to the customs of the country when meeting such a cavalcade, which is for natives to prostrate themselves, and for foreigners to ride on one side, giving the road until the entire company has passed, the Japanese have made several attempts to remove the few remaining foreigners to Yokohama, across the bay, where the commercial part of the community live. I should be very sorry to make the exchange, from what I have seen of the noisy, bustling place, and we intend to hold on to our treaty rights as long as practicable. But I was intending to tell you about our ride.

After trotting for some distance on this road, we had to be extremely cautious lest we should come into collision with pedestrians who thronged the road, as there is no sidewalk; we came at last to the suburb of the town where begins a fine avenue of grand old pines, with an occasional temple. The quiet beauty and freshness of the atmosphere contrasted pleasantly with the noise and shouts of the children, and also with the barking of the dogs; for whenever a native dog sees a foreigner, he barks at him, and the towns are usually infested with the ugly, wolf-like creatures. We were beginning to enjoy our ride, and the exhilaration of the sea-breeze, when a sudden bend in the road brought us upon

quite a number of two-sworded gentry. Officers of the Government, daimios or princes with their retainers always wear two swords, will use them with very little provocation, which made it very unpleasant to meet them. As this company passed by us, we received many long, searching glances, some of them menacing enough. This entirely spoiled the pleasure of my ride, and I dreaded to have to go through their cortege again as we returned; we prolonged our ride so as to give them time to get out of the way.

They well know the object of our coming to this land, and we do not pretend to conceal it from them. I trust they will gain greater confidence in us and find that we are really their best friends. Thus we quietly returned without other incident, though somewhat disappointed because of a small festival going on at our temple, and we wished to escape the noise and confusion of it. This festival was given by the relatives of persons who died leaving no children to pray for them. You know ancestral worship is one of the most important tenets of the religion of this people. The relatives of such childless deceased persons solicit subscriptions, buy candles and incense, while a large concourse of people come to the priest, ask for, and pay for his prayers; then repairing to the nearby graveyard, they decorate the graves, wash the tablets, and fill the urns with water and place fresh flowers and evergreens before them. The little children, in the meantime, perform queer antics, which to us, in a graveyard, is very irreverent.

## LETTER IV

KANAGAWA APRIL, 1862.

These fine spring days are playing havoc with my study hours, for the country is now so beautiful, decked out in its spring attire, that its attractions are too great to resist. Ever since February we have had a succession of most lovely blossoms in our grounds and in the country round about. Beginning with the *Camelia Japonica* both single and double, and several varieties of spirea from the plain to the clustered form, syringa, tulip, magnolia, wistaria purple and white, (they make most beautiful arbors of this), cape jesamine and also a yellow Chinese jesamine which is very sweet, the list might be indefinitely extended if we took in the wild flowers which abound ; not many of them however, have the sweet fragrance of our home flowers. All these by their beauty, attract us to long walks or rides in the country, for every hamlet however poor has its garden of flowers.

Let me take you on one of these excursions by the seashore. Our road lies at first along the beach where we can view the fort built to keep Commodore Perry, the "foreign barbarian" off from the sacred shores. On the sands were a dozen or more junks, beached for the winter, propped up and covered with straw mats ; then our eyes wander beyond these across to Yokohama and its harbor, filled with a few steamers and many sailing ships, and our eye follows one little steamer plowing its way through the blue waters up to Yedo. Our road suddenly makes a bend inland, and as we enter a great avenue of pines, we notice to our left the stone portal of a large Shinto temple within a grove of old giant firs, its simple shrine standing without image, idol or

picture, only strips of white paper representing purity, and hidden within, a mirror representing the sun, the ancestor of the Imperial Line. The guards with us stop and dismount, clap their hands, bow their heads and utter a hasty prayer; the act was as touching as simple. In that stream on our right as we proceed, are numbers of huge white storks, two feet high, stepping along in their stately way, searching for fish. Now we are coming to a village again, for the road on which we travel is the highway to the capital. There is scarcely a mile of it but has a village or a few straggling houses. In all these villages there is great excitement whenever a foreigner enters it, especially if that foreigner be an "onna tojin" or woman. At this place the entire population seems out to see us, from wrinkled old men and stout young clowns to hobbling old women and girls with red cheeks and laughing black eyes, and toddling children with babies nearly as big as themselves on their backs, whose little heads peeping over the shoulders of their bearers, give the appearance of the nurse being double-headed. In these villages, good nature and poverty seem to prevail; the old faces we see, are smoke-dried, wrinkled and toothless; backs are bent by heavy burdens, yet the face of youth is generally smiling and good-natured.

In the largest of these villages there are shops open, displaying wares which in America would be very curious; paper umbrellas, straw sandals, straw overcoats for rain, rush hats, bamboo wares of all kinds from carved neck-chains up to water dippers, oilpaper raincoats, wooden clogs for the feet, etc. At another shop, they had knives for fish and radishes, short grass scythes, hoes and nails. The brass, copper and bronze articles are pretty and

useful. Here are two coppershops with buckets, tubs and dippers, fresh, clean and fragrant. One village is but a repetition of another in the articles sold.

Just beyond this village we pass the spot where Urashima, the Japanese "Rip Van Winkle" is said to be buried. The story is, that he went out fishing alone on the sea; after spending three days and nights fruitlessly, he at last caught a turtle which, while he slept, was transformed into a beautiful girl. She informed him that she was Otohime or the daughter of a Dragon. Urashima at once fell in love with her charms, but was afraid to declare his passion to a being of supernatural origin; but she, by coy actions, encouraged him to do so, and then vowed eternal fidelity, if he would take her for his wife. The fisherman replied that it was not for him to refuse such an offer, and having closed his eyes by her direction, he was transported to an island covered with splendid and dazzling palaces. Taking him by the hand, she conducted him to a large mansion, and leaving him at the door, she went in alone. While waiting there, a band of seven boys came round him and said to each other, "This is the husband of Princess Turtle". Then the maiden reappeared and invited him to enter, and her parents welcomed him with great courtesy. They all sat down and conferred about the different aspects of the human world and the abode of the Dragons, and the pleasure it gave them to meet one of a different race from themselves. A splendid banquet was served, and the party being joined by the brothers and sisters of the maiden, the wine was passed round while the young girls sang and danced to entertain the company. Urashima enjoyed his pleasant life among the Dragons and entirely forgot his own country;

but when three years, as it seemed to him, had passed away, his thoughts began to turn homeward, and a strong desire to see his two old parents again, took possession of him. Moans and sighs would unconsciously escape from his lips, the Princess noticed his sadness and asked him its cause. Urashima replied, "The ancients said that the feeble long after their homes, and that even the dying fox turns its face towards the hillside where it was born. It is some time since I left my parents to make a voyage to the Palace of the Dragons, and I feel an intense longing to visit them. Let me go away for a short time that I may salute them once more." The Princess wiped away her tears and said "My love for you is everlasting; but *your* thoughts turn away to your old home, go then if you must," so hand in hand, they went sadly along till they came to the place of parting, where she put into his hands a casket, bidding him if he desired not to forget her, and if he wished to come back again, always to carry it with him, and on no account ever to open it. Then he got into his boat, and shutting his eyes as she told him, he suddenly reopend them in front of his native village. He looked round him in alarm, for the faces of the inhabitants were all changed and he knew no one. At last he addressed a man, saying, "Pray, can you tell me where the family of Urashima dwell?" The man replied "Where do you come from, asking about people gone long ago? Old people do say that in bygone times there was a certain Urashima who went sailing alone into the sea and never returned; but that happened over three hundred years ago". Urashima was completely stupified on hearing this, and for several days, could do nothing but brood over his grievous disappointment; but rousing at last, he bethought



himself of the casket and the sweet princess who had given it to him. Forgetful of her injunctions, he suddenly lifted the lid, upon which its contents issued forth in the form of a purple vapor and floated away through the air in the direction of the island. The casket had contained an elixir which gave to its owner perpetual youth, and as soon as it passed out of his possession Urashima was instantaneously transformed into a greyheaded, decrepit old man, and finding the tomb of his parents, he there ended his days. Moral : the good boy of Urashima, even in the palace of the seagods, forgot not his old parents and his duty to them.

Now we are nearing the place where the Richardson tragedy occurred. Just at the commencement of this avenue of trees, last month, on a Sunday, four or five Englishmen and one lady started from Yokohama for a pleasure-ride ; and although they had been requested by government officials not to ride on the Tokaido that day as a prince would be passing from Yedo to his southern province with his retinue of servants, they disregarded alike law of God and the wishes of the government, and came over to this road. As they met the cortege, instead of drawing off to one side to let them pass, they dashed into the midst of them, which in the eyes of Japanese was a direct insult, and immediately swords were drawn ; one man, Richardson, ~~not~~ falling from his horse, was slashed in many places, others escaped with slight wounds, while the lady having her hat cut from her head and a slash on her arm. It produced intense excitement at the time and frightened us in Kanagawa, not a little. Doctor Hepburn was called at once to the wounded men, but Richardson had died soon after the encounter. We have not been on the Tokaido since without guards.

Now we come to Kawasaki, a halfway station between Kanagawa and Tokyo. We turn to the right and proceed for a mile through rice fields to the temple popularly called Daishi Sama, or more correctly, Yaku-Yoke Daishi Do (Hall of the Pest Averting Daishi Sama). The personage thus designated is the famous Kobo Daishi, inventor of the Japanese syllabary. He was one of the many priests who traveled abroad and came back as new lights, or reformers, to form new schools of thought and worship among the Buddhists. He was a scholar in Pali, Sanscrit and Chinese. He lived from 774 to 825. He went to China and studied three years, and on his return, laid the foundation of the permanent success of Buddhism in Japan. He taught that Shinto deities were manifestations, or transmigrations of Buddha, and thus secured the ascendancy of Buddhism over Shinto and Confucianism, at least among the official and military classes, but not of the people at large. It took the most of 900 years and the sacrificing labors of a Shinran and Nichiren ere this was fully accomplished. To see the service at the temple in his honor, was the object of the excursion on this day. The solemn pomp and splendid ceremonial of this ancient temple were beautiful, but hollow, cold and chilling, just like the religion that would expend itself only in ornamentation and phantasy. But while we turn away from the false and and fanciful here, we must not forget that in the ancient temple of Solomon, he had more gorgeous ornamentation, which the sunbeams reflected from burnished gold, and more richness and variety, more—vastly more volume of sound from the trained musicians. There were priests also in brilliant attire, while the air was perfumed with clouds of incense ; but all this was typical of gospel

times, of the day when God was to walk on this fair earth, and offer up his life, a sacrifice for mankind, on an earthly altar : that having been accomplished, he no longer taketh pleasure in sacrifices for sin. Outside of temples in this fair earth and glorious sky, there are pictures for all mankind to gratify their taste for the beautiful. Surely the cultured can partake of the most refined delights in the display of of color, grace of motion, and vibrations of air for music, yet Milton tells us there is no beauty like the human face divine. Why ? Because we see the working of the spirit within ; we see the operation of the mind upon the face, in the fine cutting and chiseling of the features. The fairest face is utterly spoiled by the absence of mind. We see but the vacant lips and deadened stare, and the insipid brow. While culture gives a sparkle to the eye and impresses new fairness upon all the features ; but moral beauty, the beauty of holiness, exceeds this further than the butterfly exceeds the moth. But what is this beauty of holiness ? I think it is the beauty of purity and with purity comes spirituality, freedom from all blemishes. How clear is the crystal, and how soon we see the blemish if there is one. Think of our hearts becoming like that. It would take a mighty chemical process to whiten them so, but the gospel provides for the removal of the scarlet stains of sin, just as it did away with the pomp and ceremony of the temple service. There is the blood from that one sacrifice to cleanse and purify ; then his Spirit, to make holy and lovely. I have thought so often to-day, will the blood and Spirit ever be applied to all the faces I have seen to-day ? Some old and cheery ; some, wrinkled and hideously deformed ; but most, vacant and staring ; others young and frivolous, needing only the moral and spiritual, to

come up to our real conceptions of beauty. For while beauty begins in the physical, it ends in the spiritual. These young girls have mere physical beauty, but I trust the day is not far distant when

“The seeds of sin’s disease, God’s Spirit will  
remove,  
Give spirit of finished holiness, and spirit of  
perfect love.”

## LETTER V

KANAGAWA, MARCH, 1862.

“As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.”; a truth appreciated away off here, as it cannot be in the homeland. Tropical vegetation accompanied by mud houses, thatched roofs, and partly “scalped” natives with long or short queues, and with any amount of fern drapery, vines and feathery bamboo, is not enough to bamboozle one out of the idea that a good fat letter from the homeland is a necessary article, at least once in six months. I have borne the dearth of letters wonderfully, believing this cruel war was the cause of the silence, but I have about come to the point where patience ceases to be a virtue, so you will kindly do me the favor to publish to my friends one and all, my *expectation of letters*. You know the word “China” in our old geographies and Peter Parley histories, used to be associated with men hawking around cats and rats and puppies for sale as food. When in Shanghai, I inquired about the truth of this statement, but it was indignantly denied. The other day, I saw a letter from a lady who had visited Canton, which said that in that city

—she says it may be peculiar to that city—there are restaurants where stewed dog, dried or fresh-fried rat, and a savory dish of cooked cat can be had at any time; and that the head cook at one of those eating houses assured her his customers could rely on having the best fed rats in the market. There was no deception in his bill of fare; customers who wished a nice bit of fricasseed puppy, need not fear that mutton or beef was being palmed off on them; and thereupon he showed her the method whereby his patrons could detect any such fraud; which was:—a part of the tail with the hair on it is left with the meat. He showed her a piece of meat with a dog's tail, and another with a rat's tail on the side of a cooking vessel, while the attached pieces of meat were cooking in the boiling goose-oil. Yellow

NOTE:—Two incidents, the nearest to anything of this kind being done in Japan are the following:—A Methodist missionary told me that while itinerating in the mountains, he became very weak for the lack of animal food, and his inquiries for it were so persistent that at last his servant came with a beaming face to him and said the people of the town had concluded to kill an old horse, and that it would be sold out in small quantities, that P.M., and he told his servant that he need not purchase, and appeared very indignant before him, but when the P.M. arrived it found the missionary there to see if it was really true that enlightened, polite, charming Japanese would condescend to horseflesh. He saw that it was too true: there lay the old horse, being sliced in thin morsels to broil, and it really looked so tempting that he indulged in quite a large piece, took it home and invited his comrades to the feast, but after the first taste, he left the most of it to the comrades. (In later years the eating of horseflesh has become a very widespread custom in Japan, but they eschew the rats and puppies—likely afraid of pest germs. This reminds me of another rat-story told by another honored missionary, which she calls her “ghost story”. A Capuchin monk from the island of Sicily, became converted, and entering the Episcopal Church, went to India. While at the monastery, when quite a young man, one evening, (he told her) he was sent with another lad down to light up the catacombs under the building, where were the skeletons of the Fathers in one corridor, and the skeletons of

and gray cats are not liked for food, but a black is *tenderly reared* for the market. Dog meat is considered very strengthening, and is used by men who have hard manual labor to perform. Cat meat is given to those needing tonic, while a diet of rat meat will cause the hair to grow. You had better suggest this hair tonic to some of your young gentlemen friends and send me a testimonial of its efficacy.

The constant shaking and dancing of the rats in this old temple, at midnight overhead, causes the rafters to tremble like an earthquake; then they rap with their tails on the ceiling and play hide and seek with the weasels which are the only animals brave enough to attack them. Poor pussy flies in terror

ladies of distinction in another, while those of distinguished men and even of children were in other corridors. These skeletons were all taken up once a year, dressed in finery and placed in an upright position. The day he was sent down happened to be just that time of the year. When upon the ladder, lighting the last chandelier, his comrade gave a scream and pointed in the direction of a Father saint whose bones stood near the steps leading to the upper rooms. Peering through the darkness, he could distinctly see the head shaking and bowing to him at a most violent rate. In his fright, he dropped the lantern, tumbled from the ladder, and what to do with the bones of the old father between him and the staircase, he knew not. At last, making a desperate effort to be brave he sprang forward and rushed up the steps, two at a time, with his comrade behind him, yelping at every step. This noise of course brought all the fathers to the stairs to see what the commotion meant. On telling them, they concluded to send the janitor down to investigate: he quickly returned, worse frightened than the boys, saying that the devil himself was there. Hearing this, the holy fathers concluded to go in a body and clear up the mystery; they were each saluted with the same profound bow that the others had received. One of the fathers, a little braver than the rest, went boldly up to the skeleton, and lifting his moustache which after death had grown very long, saw the appendage of a rat hanging out of the mouth, and his majesty, the rat's strenuous efforts to release himself caused the shaking of the head.

at the sound of a Japanese rat, and if shut up with one crouches up in a corner and is very happy if she escapes alive.

Oh! the noises and smells that assail us in the hideous night time! what word can describe them? They must be heard to be appreciated; first, one must live a year in this climate and have one's nervous system depleted by want of electricity in the air, and then hear the ceaseless buzzing, chirping and whirring of bats, birds and insects, and the yelping of hungry, wolfish dogs, and the cawing of black, cunning crows which are very daring in robbery, so that a servant going to market dare not bring his basket home on his head. You cannot know one tenth of all we suffer while you on the other side of the globe are sleeping a sleep that refreshes and sweetens your temper. These crows hover around the temples in crowds, ready to devour the food set for the departed ancestors, and their ceaseless cawing is a weariness to the ear and head. The cawing of the crows, the chiming of bells in the temples, the endless chanting of the priests, and the monotonous sound of the scholar as he says his i-ro-ha, are the varied sounds that meet us in the morning on awakening; and then begins our round of study. First comes Mr. Ballagh's dignified, bald-pated teacher; their study is a little room off the verandah in front of the house; then Dr. H. has his stern, melancholy teacher in the center of the house, while I have my frisky little baldheaded priest at the back of the house. Any one to look in on us, would be amused to see the various methods to which we severally resort, in pumping, and jerking and holding tight to the little we can get from these native teachers, who have no more idea how to teach us, or what we wish to learn than my pussy

cat which purrs softly at my feet. With no books as helps, and being able to speak but a very few words, it is wonderful that the poor creatures understand as well as they do, what we want to know. Mr. B. walks the room and gesticulates and rolls out his r's and holds his tongue to the roof of his mouth, while he shows his teacher the difference between r and l, so that he may get at the meaning of words he cannot render into Japanese. But the good doctor takes it more calmly, sitting complacently with eyeglasses and a somewhat furrowed brow, over his books until 4 P. M. when he is just as persevering for his exercise in a walk, while I—yes, poor I—say over the i-ro-ha, write it, screw my face, wiggle my body, beat my forehead to make the new words stick, and when I think I have it and in the next sentence use the word in speaking to one of the servants and he says "Hai! Kashikomarimashita", I look up triumphantly to my teacher for commendation, thinking he has understood me, but he looks as stolid as a stone; when presently the servant returns, leading a girl by the hand, instead of bringing the wood I had told him. I then see I used the wrong word, as the girl's name has a sound very nearly like the word for wood, so all I can do is to laugh and try again. But what muddles my brain and tries my patience is reading these hieroglyphics, like so many undignified henscratches, bad enough in their endless variety, but when they have two or three hundred Chinese characters tacked onto them, the difficulty of understanding and remembering them, seems insurmountable. So I will leave the language as a puzzle just begun, and tell you something of the medical profession here. I am interested in it because of Mr. B's teacher. He is a very nice, intelligent man, and was once a physician



of some note ; but the profession is not lucrative enough for him to support a large family.

The medical fraternity is divided into three classes ; the court physicians who are not allowed to practice elsewhere ; the army physicians who occasionally give their services to civilians ; and lastly the common physician or doctor who attends all classes in the community. There is also a class of quacks, exactly answering to that of our own country ; their medicines are made from herbs, snakes and lizards. All their remedies necessitate the accomplishment of various preliminary ceremonies more or less peculiar ; for instance, in diseases of the skin, and chronic and incurable complaints which are very common, the hot bath is always first resorted to. When that fails to produce the desired effect, they have recourse to acupuncture, and a kind of cauterization. The first consists in pricking with a needle the part affected, a mode of healing which has been practiced from time immemorial in the East. Cauterization is performed with little cones called " moxa ", formed of dried and powdered leaves of the wormwood, and prepared in such a manner as to consume slowly. One or more of these are applied to the diseased part and set on fire. This has the effect of strongly exciting the nervous system, and the only good it does is to change the seat of irritation and produce eruptions of the skin. Though not a medical practice, tattooing may be mentioned here. It is used by the common people, bettos or horse-boys, &c. As the lower classes use but little clothing, it is often evident that they are tattooed from neck to heels, with red and blue dragons ; also busts of heroes are often punctured into the skin. These figures serve instead of clothing in running,—a betto rarely has any clothing except a loincloth. As an

aid to their medical knowledge, the Japanese have little anatomical models in cardboard, painted a flesh color, upon which the spinal column and other parts of the human frame are distinctly marked with characters or numbers attached to them correspondingly to similar numbers in a book, which contains a full account of every disease to which that special part is subject, and instructions of how, and how often to prick, or cauterize it. Nearly every Japanese family possesses one of these books, and such is the reputation of the remedies therein recommended, that many people make use of them at fixed periods, as preventives. When any one dies, the corpse is put into a box less than a yard square, the lid of this coffin is then fastened down by wooden pegs. The funeral procession forms in the following order:—first the bonzes or priests marching with their assistants carrying flags or other symbols; then follows the coffin preceded by a long tablet on which is inscribed the new name given the deceased; the eldest son follows, and then the family and intimate friends. The nearest relations are dressed in white, the mourning color here. At the temple, the coffin is carried up near the altar, while the mourners squat down in a circle near the center of the building. Refreshments are first handed round and then begin the prayers and chanting, and at the end each person takes a branch or twig of green and lays it near the coffin, showing their respect. They then bustle out in wild confusion to the grave, where a few more prayers are said by the priest. If the deceased has expressed a desire that his body shall be burned, the coffin is carried from the temple to a small house, it is then placed upon a kind of stone furnace in which a fire is kept up until the body is consumed, which takes from an hour and a half to two hours. The

men employed in this work draw out the bones from the ashes by means of sticks or iron rods, when the body is seen, a growing mass of white lime, and the skull, a globe of fire. The ashes are placed in an urn and carried to the tomb by the relatives. Japanese cemeteries are most carefully cherished spots, and are always bright with flowers. Each family has its own little enclosure where several simple commemorative stones stand. Once a year a festival for the dead is held. It is celebrated at night, and called "the feast of lanterns". The cemetery is illuminated by hundreds of different colored lanterns, and the whole population resorts there to eat and drink and enjoy themselves in honor of their dead ancestors. Their seeming incapacity for conceiving sorrow is one of the most characteristic features of this people. Perhaps this is due to the influences amidst which this free and happy people have the privilege of living. As some one has said, "Where nature is always bright and beautiful, the inhabitants, like the scenery, seem to expand under its influence, and to become bright and happy". Such is the case with these people, who while yielding almost unconsciously to these influences, deepen them by their eager pursuit of all things gay and handsome.

A most picturesque and well maintained high road runs through this place—the afore mentioned Tokaido; forming a great artery through the cities of this island, between the two capitals. Between this place and Yedo, a distance of fifteen miles, this road nowadays has a most lively appearance. Travelers on foot, with no clothes except a rush hat, loincloth and sandals, going as though bent on the king's business—this kind of travelers we saw all the summer. Also numbers of pilgrims, dressed in white and with

tinkling bells, as they go to some mountain shrine. These pilgrimages they perform as a means of merit. But just now the road is almost entirely taken up by royal or princely parties on their way to or from the Mikado's capital. Would that we knew what all this agitation is about and what it is to lead to. To-day we hear reports that may be contradicted to-morrow ; and it seems impossible to get at the real cause of the excitement which is rousing this sleepy old town. Early and constantly we have heard that the Shogun or Tycoon has been called to Kyoto to account for having made a treaty with foreign countries without the knowledge or consent of the Mikado. This is but a rumour and we cannot tell but that the morrow will prove it to be a false one. Whatever the cause, there has been an unusual number of norimon, kago and gaily caparisoned horses led by fancifully dressed betto. Men in rich brocade and most curiously shaped hats, formed part of the numerous processions that pass. We met part of a train yesterday, and I think I must describe to you the trappings of a princely horse that I saw led along by one of these finely tattooed bettos. The tail was encased in a long bag of figured red silk, which was tied at the bottom with a green silk cord and tassel ; the hair of the mane was divided into strands of ten or a dozen, and tied with white and yellow silk, while that over his head was caught up together and tied with fuzzed silk to look like a huge pompon. Surely he must have been going into battle or a tournament ridden by a general. The saddle was most elaborately gotten up. Lacquered with the crest of the Tokugawa—the family from which the Shogun descends. The flaps of corrugated leather stamped in gold, and the saddle cloth embroidered in gold with unique designs. The stirrups were of silver, as large as a shovel, so that

the entire foot can go into them ; the bridle was a scarf of silk, and from the points of the saddle cloth hung a long silken cord and tassel. Altogether his get-up was such that any knight might be proud to mount such a steed. He was following a handsomely decorated norimon whose occupant was shielded from view. He must have been some great personage, for his passing seemed to cast a sudden spell upon the crowd in the street. A great silence fell upon them ; all employment was stopped, and many of the people hastily re-entered their houses and closed them, as a warning shout announced the great man. These shouts were from two heralds, running ahead, with heads bared, crying "Shita ni iro" (Down with you), and instantly all who were in sight, fell down on all fours and remained thus until the cortege had passed. These men were followed by soldiers, armed with lances with lacquered scabbards and swords stuck in their waist belts. The heavy norimon came next borne on the shoulders of four powerful men, followed by four more to relieve them ; then came the horse and numerous retainers. I think the baggage and many of the retainers must have gone on ahead in the morning, for the cortege was not as large as usual. Such sights as this are getting to be a weekly occurrence, and foreigners, when met, are scowled upon, as the commonest dog in the street.

NOTE:—Soon after this we were warned not to go on the Tokaido for a week, as the Shogun himself would be passing. We had to content ourselves with peeping at his majesty through the trees and underbush of a hill overlooking the street, and then saw only the top of his norimon, but also saw the greatest crowd and the least confusion we ever witnessed in Kanagawa ; it was as solemn as a funeral.

## LETTER VI

KANAGAWA, 5TH DAY

OF THE 5TH MONTH.

I have recently received a letter from one whom I left a wee mite of a girl and it makes me feel like Oliver Twist—I want more of the same sort. I will say to her and to all my little friends that they do a good missionary work in thus trying to cheer the missionaries ; although they are in no danger of being eaten by barbarians, yet they are almost daily carved up for dinner by the various merchants who reside here. They have no love for us, or confidence in the results of our work. Our reputation has suffered far more from them than from the heathen of this place. But we pay little attention to their talk, knowing that such talk usually rebounds upon the parties indulging in it. I have found the way to be happy and contented is to follow a line of strict rectitude and usefulness, never minding the stones flung at one from outside parties.

I have abundant proof to-day of how the Japanese parent strives to cultivate perseverance and noble aspirations in his child ; as I look from my window, I can count hundreds of tall slim poles high up in the air, with huge paper fishes attached to them by cords. These fish are hollow, and when the wind blows, they become inflated and wriggle around very much as a real fish would. But what does all this mean ? you ask. It means that it is the boys' birthday in Japan, and that all the boys have their birthdays celebrated at one and the same time, and this is

NOTE:—A few years later when my first son was born in America, a Japanese friend sent a porcelain fish all the way across the sea, as an expression of his congratulations.

their way of doing it. There is a very pretty and noble idea connected with it. The fish represented by this paper is the carp, which is able to swim swiftly against the current, and to surmount waterfalls; by this fish the parents mean to remind the young people, and especially the boys, that they expect them, like the carp, to surmount difficulties and obstacles to success and prosperity, and in order to this a great amount of courage, energy and perseverance are necessary, as well as a cool head, self-possession and self-control. Do you not think the idea a good one, and that we may after all, learn something from these eastern nations? These emblems or flags are kept floating a week or so, and this occasion is called the "Feast of Flags". It is usual to send around to friends, a present of a large fish on a handsome tray.

The girls in Japan are by no means overlooked. The third day of the third month is the time for the "hina matsuri." This is the day especially devoted to girls, and called "the girls' birthday"; in some foreign books, it is called the "Feast of Dolls" as every respectable family has a number of these splendidly dressed images (miniature images of the Mikado and the Empress) which are from 4 inches to a foot in height. When a daughter has been born in the house during the previous year, a pair of 'hina' or doll images are purchased for the little girl, with which she amuses herself, until grown up; and when she is married, her 'hina' are taken with her to her husband's house and are given to her children; adding to the stock, as the family increases. These are kept very sacredly, and rarely displayed except in this month. Beside these images of the Emperor and great warriors, they have more common dolls which they can use at any time.

On this occasion, the girls have their hair dressed, the face washed clean, and then the face and neck are whitened with powder and the lips painted red, and gay clothing put on. Then they sally forth with their battledoor and shuttlecock, into the street, where, meeting with other children, games are formed, and then are they merry all the day long. In fact, beginning with the first of the year, there are a number of games and sports peculiar to this time. In January, they decorate their gateways with green, and send around New Year cards, as we do at home, imitating them, and many of the high officials go out calling, while all business is suspended for several days. The girls, dressed in their best robes and girdles, with powdered faces and painted lips till they "resemble the peculiar colors seen on a beetle's wing," and their hair arranged in the most attractive coiffure, are clear out in the middle of the street, playing battledore and shuttlecock. They play not only in twos and threes, but also in circles. The shuttlecock is a large round seed often gilded, stuck with feathers, arranged like the petals of a flower. The battledore is a wooden bat, one side of which is bare wood, while the other has the raised effigy of some hero or popular actor. The girls evidently appreciate this game, as it gives abundant opportunity to display their figure and dress. Those who fail in the game, often have their faces marked with ink, or a circle drawn around their eyes. The boys sing a song that the wind may blow so that they may fly their kites; the girls sing a song that it may be calm so that their shuttlecocks may fly straight. The girls play also at this time with a ball made of cotton or silk cord, covered elaborately with many strands of bright parti-colored silk. This amusement lasts till the



regular kite season comes. During the high winds of February and March is the most favorable time for the kite-flying, and there are few sports in which Japanese boys take greater delight: they are made very large, and it takes quite a strong man to adjust and regulate their motions, when up in the air. One often sees at least half the community out to witness the upward flight of one of these immense dragons, bats, centipedes, or birds, as the case may be. They are made of tough paper, pasted on a frame of bamboo sticks, and represent these various things, though they are often only of a rectangular shape. Many of them have a thin tense ribbon of whale bone at the top of the kite, which vibrates in the wind, making a loud, humming noise. "The boys frequently name their kites; each contestant endeavors to destroy that of his rival. For this purpose the string, for ten or twenty feet, near the kite end, is first covered with glue and then dipped into pounded glass, by which the string becomes covered with tiny blades, each able to cut quickly and deeply. By getting the kite in proper position and suddenly sawing the string of his antagonist, the severed kite falls, to be claimed by the victor."

The Japanese have a great variety of tops, and they wind and throw them in a manner somewhat different from ours. The object is to damage his adversary's top or make it cease spinning. Walking on stilts is very usual with the boys; and on these they play games and run races. Another game is blind man's buff; they also play with popguns and blowguns, and in winter they will roll the snow up and form forts, or make a snowman, quickly melted in the sunshine.

The snowmen are usually in the form of "Daru-ma," a disciple of Buddha, who by long meditation

in a squatting position, lost his legs from want of circulation ; they shriveled up and decayed. Sometimes instead of a snowman, a peculiar shaped dog is formed. I once saw quite a spirited fight from a fort, by some little urchins. It was held by one stout little fellow, the smallest but bravest of the party. The rest pelted him well, but he kept them all at bay, by getting up into a corner of the fence and firing the balls as fast as they could be made ; at last the other boys grew tired of the sport and left him in possession of the fort. The games of checkers, chess and backgammon are also known here, though they are played a little differently from our way. Usually there are a greater number of pieces. Some of the games are national and are indulged in by all classes ; others are educational, played by students. To boys who are eager to become proficient in Chinese, it often acts as an incentive to be told they cannot play the game yet, but after a certain attainment in scholarship, they will enjoy it. The character of the children's plays and their encouragement by the parents, have, I think, much to do with that frankness, affection and obedience on the part of the children, and that kindness and sympathy on the part of the parents, which is so noticeable in the Japanese. The little acrobats or tumblers, perform astonishingly well here, and street theatricals are common, in which men and boys do some creditable acting, chiefly in comedy.

In every Japanese city, there are hundreds of men and women who obtain a livelihood by amusing children, and no wonder Japan has gotten the sobriquet of "The Paradise for Babies." We find it also a congenial abode for older children, who love play. The contrast between China and Japan in this respect is very marked ; the Chinamen are too

sedate and dignified to indulge in amusement, or athletic exercise. Their classics teach 'that play is unprofitable'; hence they have the stolid, sober and phlegmatic physique and character, probably stronger and more to be depended on, when moved to a change of opinion, but certainly not as agreeable and impressionable. Nor is the Japanese mind so enthralled and paralysed by superstition as to prevent all modern improvement. The Chinese pull down the telegraph poles and wires, and will not have railroads because, forsooth, they would be sure to approach their graveyards, or disturb the "fung-shuey" the spirits of wind and water, which pass over the graves of their ancestors.

But the Japanese have a singular belief about dreams; they think a dream is an act of the soul. As soon as a person falls asleep, the soul leaves the body and goes out to play. If anyone is awakened violently and suddenly, he will die because his soul, being at a distance, cannot return to the body before he is awakened. The soul, in their estimation, is something like a seed—a small, round dark substance. A Japanese will never sleep with his head towards the north, but will always try to face the east. In hotels, diagrams of the cardinal points of the compass are often put up to accommodate travellers; nor will they build a house fronting to the north, else it will soon be destroyed. This is the quarter in which evil lurks, and is called the "devil's gate." The houses of ordinary Japanese (of all except in large cities,) are covered with rice straw, two or three feet thick, which we call a thatched roof. These roofs almost invariably have their ridge covered with a little earth and a peculiar kind of grass, called "hinode." This they think, must not be pulled out, however large it grows, else the

house will take fire. With us, a lamb is the emblem of mildness ; with the Japanese, of stupidity or even of obstinacy. It is considered a compliment to be called a goose, as tame geese are seldom seen here, and the wild goose is one of the swiftest, most graceful and alert of birds. But the most wonderful bird is the Japanese phoenix. Have I ever seen one? No, its visits are rarer than angels', since it appears on earth only at millennial intervals or at the birth of some great man. This, like the Chinese dragon, is a fabulous creature, and all representations of it seem to be a combination of the pheasant and peacock. As it flies, so graceful are its movements that a host of birds follow it. The tombs of the Shoguns have elaborate representations of it, and the new and old paper currency likewise bears its image, as it does also that of the monstrous dragon. "In carvings, on tombs, dwellings, temples, government documents, musical instruments, in high relief on bronzes, cut in stone, metal and wood, the dragon everywhere swings the scaly horrors of his folded tail, whisks his long moustache, or glares with his terrible eyes." Nothing inspires such awe and terror among the children of Japan, unless it be the "wind and thunder god." Before many of the temples there are often colossal figures representing a monstrous semi-feline creature, with the face of a man, and having a cat's tail, holding an enormous bag of compressed air over his shoulder. This is the wind god. When he loosens a little his hold on one of the closed ends of the bag, the breezes blow; when he partly opens it, a gale arises ; when he removes his hand, we have the tornado, typhoon and cyclone, which are so common here. The thunder god looks like a human dwarf, having the claws and tail of a cat. He carries over his head, in a semi-circle, half

dozen or more small drums. By striking and rattling these drums, he makes thunder. With us it is not, you know, the thunder that strikes and does harm, but the lightning ; the popular belief among the Japanese however, is that the thunder not only strikes but kills. And when the lightning is seen to dart from the skies and strike an object, the thundercat leaps up or is hurled at the victim hiding itself in the ground. If a paw, or any part of a cat is found after a thunder storm, it is triumphantly exhibited as a silencing proof that it came from the clouds during the storm. Most of the cats here are tailless ; large, glossy, fat and lazy and do not get their living by catching rats. In fact, the rats are nearly as large as they are, so pussy knows better than to attack them, so we are left to their mercy, and we find them very merciless. I verily believe we would be sometimes carried off bodily, if an occasional weasel did not come to our rescue. Why the cats are without tails has never been satisfactorily explained. For the same reason, I suppose, that the little black-and-white shaggy poodle has a pug nose. These animals both are made great pets of, and are often dressed with a bright ribbon about the neck and a pinafore round the body besides. A few foreign dogs are here, and they, with the wild wolf-like creatures that the people have as scavengers, make the night hideous, by their howls and sharp barking ; as foreigners usually speak to their dogs by saying " come here," the people think that is the name for 'dog' in our language, and often say to each other, " How fast that comehere runs."

Now I must tell you about the ' earthquake fish,' then I shall have shown you about half of our Japanese menagerie, and will save the rest until you

answer this letter. The "jishin uwo," the Japanese believe to be a huge fish about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length; this fish, according to their belief, strikes the shore or ocean bottom in its gambols, or in its wrath, and makes the ground and rocks to tremble. In times of great danger it not only causes the solid earth to quiver and crack, leveling houses in ruin, and engulfing mountains, but also, arching its back it piles the waters into one huge wave which it drives inland, engulfing all before and leaving terror and calamity behind. This monster has been on a rampage several times since we have been here. On one occasion, it caused our old temple rafters to groan and creak, so that we were glad to escape by the back door. On another occasion, both the gentlemen in the house, ran out, leaving me alone. I was not much frightened, or I should have gone too. I think now that one can get used to anything, since I have become used to seasickness and earthquakes; i. e., I have gotten over allowing myself to be driven into paroxysms of fear and terror by these phenomena of nature over which I know my Father has perfect control, and can say at any time, "Thus far shalt thou go and no further." But to these poor ignorant peasant people who have no religion but that of paganism, armed with no weapons of science, strengthened with no knowledge of the loving Father to soothe their terror, is it any wonder that the creatures of their own imagination are a necessity to their minds to explain these wonderful phenomena of nature? Modern science is doing what it can to enlighten the darkened intellect of this people, yet the continued recurrence of these destructive events will long retard the march of mind and keep alive superstitions which cannot wholly be driven out

until they understand God. The aspect of nature in Japan is such as to influence the mind of the people to an extent but faintly realized by one born in a foreign land.

In the first place the foundations of the land are very shaky. There can be no real estate in Japan, for one knows not but the whole country may be engulfed in waters out of which it once emerged. Earthquakes average two a month, and even a hundred a month have been known. National annals tell us of many a town and village engulfed; floods of rain, causing dreadful landslides and inundations are by no means rare. And not only does the wind tempest arise to wreck and drown, but the tidal wave is an ever possible visitor. Once or twice a year the typhoons, sometimes the most destructive agency in the dreadful catalogue, must be looked for. And the overwhelming volcanoes are by no means extinct. Seeing then that we are living on the brink of a possible destruction which is made so evident to us, is it any wonder that we should ask your remembrance of us and this people in your prayers, with more than usual fervor?

## LETTER VII

KANAGAWA, JAPAN.

JULY, 1862.

My first letter from home received last month, was a great event in my Japan life. I acted like a little child, running about the mission compound and reading to every one, "authentic news from the South." Of course it contained little news of a public nature, having to run the blockade, but it assured me that the inmates of my old home had

not yet been molested, and that you were all well and prosperous, which was a great relief to my mind. But it spoke of some sad changes in the neighbourhood which I have to lament.

Now Aunt, I must tell you of the little palefaced baby who has come to cheer our loneliness:—

Another little wave upon the sea of life;  
Another soul to save amid its toil and strife;  
Two more little feet to walk the dusty road;  
To choose where two paths meet, the narrow and the broad:  
Two more little hands to work for good or ill;  
Two more little eyes, another little will;  
Another heart to love, receiving love again;  
And so the baby came—a thing of joy and pain.

On the 26th. of last month, Dr. Hepburn brought her to me and asked me what should be her name? I answered immediately, "Carrie Virginia, for my sister and native state"; but her papa afterwards called her Elizabeth", so we shall have her christened some day, "Carrie Elizabeth". The last five months have been very trying ones to me. For three months before the baby came, I had an invalid lady and gentleman from Shanghai, who came up here to recruit. There was so little that we could get here in the way of palatable food for dyspeptics, and so few things in the house with which to make them comfortable, I had the chagrin of knowing that I failed most miserably; for poor Mrs. K. would often say to me, the last month she was here, growing worse all the time, "I do not blame *you*, my dear; but indeed I feel that meagre Japan is starving me". It was a relief to me to see her husband carry her on board ship for California. I was so much in hopes the sea voyage would strengthen her and the climate there, benefit her: but we have just heard that she died, two days after reaching there. She will be sadly missed in China, where she had been



for twelve years, an efficient missionary. Her husband started with her remains via Panama, in the ill-fated steamer, "New York," which was burned a few days before reaching the port of Panama. Many of the passengers were saved, and although Mr. K. was urged to get into the lifeboat, he pushed others forward until there was no room for him in the boat, and with the corpse was burned in sight of his native land. The anxiety of waiting on her, my first patient, was a trial to me at that time, and later, before I was scarcely able to leave my room, came a missionary's son, to board with us; and two other young missionaries wish to come soon, as they are without a home; moreover we have just received a letter from some friends in Canton who wish to come to Japan for the summer. The letter was written to the Browns, but as they already have a family from China, and their own family is large, we shall have to take them, which we can do by sending the bachelors to a small temple to lodge. I wish they could wait till I get a little stronger, but I guess they dare not wait; for the weather is intensely hot even here, and must be worse in China. My poor little babe must think this world a trying place. We cannot get suitable food for her; as the Japanese do not use milk, I have to feed her on tea and ricewater until we can make up our minds to get a wetnurse. Then at night, her rest is broken, for it is too hot to stay in bed, and it is almost at the peril of our lives that we get up; for the monstrous mosquitoes swarm around, ready to take a nip, as soon as we put our noses outside the net. Mr. B. has been taxing his ingenuity to erect a little tent of mosquito netting in the sitting room, for us to sit under, through the day, and place her crib. The old temple is so large and dark, they

have good chances of hiding from us in the daytime, else we would make war and endeavor to extirpate them. I have undressed baby three times today to hunt for fleas, which are also a great nuisance.

Baby and I took a ride yesterday, the consul's wife sending her sedan chair for us to use to go up and take lunch with them. They also live in a temple at some distance from us. In going there we cross over the low flat rice fields, now a sea of living green, waving to and fro with the wind; then up a little ascent on to a plateau which in the west would be called a flower garden, so rich is it with rare flowers and evergreens. Here my coolies rest and take breath for the steeper ascent, while even baby snuffs in the cool and grateful breezes. We enjoy our basket-carriage very much, and wish the distance were greater to prolong our pleasure. I very much fear I shall not be able to take a horseback ride for some time; and my princely Donald will grow lazy or skittish after so long a rest. He has a bright intelligent eye and arching neck, and such a dainty thoroughbred air, I need not be told that he once belonged to the royal family of Japan. I suppose you will be puzzled to know which I think the most of, my pony or my baby, since I speak with as much enthusiasm of one as of the other. Well, they both have their place in my affections, but for fear you will think I am now neglecting baby by writing such a long letter, I will assure you she is safe asleep and enjoying a fine nap.

After we had finished lunch I was glad when the consul's wife proposed a stroll to an old monastery near them, so we set out—baby and I still in the chair. This monastery is about 200 years old, and has quite a number of priests and acolytes, and sends forth a number of mendicant friars through

the country every year. The temple is beautifully situated, having a whole hillside terraced and dotted over with large buildings and evergreen foliage of all kinds, from grand old pines to grassy banks, which make it an attractive place for youth, picnics, &c. In fact, nature has done so much for this temple in its secluded isolation from the noise and commotion of city life, that methinks its acolytes must be a dip darker in superstition than is usual. The dense forests of balmy pines, oak and bamboo, striped grass and cacti which surround it, leaves no place for the exercise of the horticultural skill which is usually expended on grounds in this land, keeping them attractive by dwarfed trees in every imaginable shape, rare plants, artificial ponds and miniature mountains. Such things would be out of place in this grand wood. This is a festival day here, and Kanagawa and all the region round, is out in all its gaiety, to do honor to the gods. The walk leading up to the temple is ten feet wide—of hewn stone; on either side of it there are today many little booths, having for sale abundance of toys, dolls and everything to delight the eye of children. On great matsuri, or religious holidays the throng of gaily dressed humanity of all ages, is astonishing. I have heard that one cannot judge fairly of Japanese life till he has witnessed a "*matsuri*". There is nothing however, in the Japanese mind in this association of temple and toyshop. I have seen it stated that the good bonzes in their sermons, declare as the result of their exegesis, that husbands are bound to love their wives and to show it by allowing them plenty of pinmoney and hairpins. The farmer who brings his daughter, turns from prayer with a smile on his face to purchase pomatum or a mirror for her. There are every kind of game, toy, hair ornaments ;

combs rare and beautiful, cheap and plain; crepes for the neck; obi for the waist; shoes, sandals, straw ropes and paper umbrellas; besides strings of beads for prayer; gods of lead, brass and wood; shrines and family altars; prayer books, sacred bells and candles. In one of the booths was the savory odor of baking spongecake, "kasutera" as the people call it; griddle cakes, roasting nuts, and the disgusting smell of frying fish. There were two little fellows pulling away at a rope of barley sugar candy, and down on the ground was an old woman and a young girl selling what seemed to be little slips of frayed wood, which, dropped into warm water, would open into shapes of various kinds, sometimes a flower, a bird, a tree or an animal. So much for the exterior leading to the temple. I should have said that the entrance to this walk has the usual 'torii', an immense stone cross piece resting on tops of two greater columns of stone. Near the steps leading to the temple is a huge lavatory, where the people wash their hands and rinse the mouth before going to worship; and in the enclosure of the grounds there is a large frame of wood on which are hung tablets inscribed with the name of giver and the sum of money contributed for any temple, or given to the common cause. One, five and ten "*riyo*" are common gifts. Several old women have stands at which they sell roasted beans, baked peas and balls of rice candy. These are kept ready in small paper bags, the devoted buy them and throw them to the clouds of pigeons that are waiting on the temple roof and fly whirling down to feed. These pigeons have their houses not only without, but often within the temple, even over the altar of the great Shaka. The most imposing feature of a Japanese temple is the roof; of massive black

tiles, sweeping up in a parabolic curve, which make enormous gables at the sides. One is impressed with the solidity of the timbers in these roofs which are fitted into each other strongly but loosely, and defy the typhoon and earthquake in a manner that recalls Æsop's fable of the oak and the reed.

Then we entered the temple by ascending steps to the broad porch, and here we saw into the great building which is "neither consecrated nor clean". No feeling of reverence came over our spirits or that of those assembled there. Each worshiper, before praying, makes a heave offering of a handful of 'cash' into a huge coffer before the altar; another throws what we should call a "spitball" against the screen of wire in front of the idol. He has written out his petition on it, chews it to a pulp and throws it at the idol; if it sticks, that is an omen of good. Sometimes the images in the outer shrines are speckled all over with these spitballs. Before the altar are many persons bowing, with their palms together, muttering a short prayer, and when their worship is over, they turn and mix with the gay crowd outside. There was one old woman with sore eyes and an ugly skin disease, who used a string of beads, like the Roman Catholics. She was very devoted and much in earnest; when finishing her prayer at the main altar, she turned to a side shrine where the ugly and wornout god, Bin-zuru one of Buddha's original 16 disciples, sat with smeared visage and nose rubbed off. She rubbed the dirty wooden head and limbs, and then applied the supposed virtue she had received, upon her own eyes and limbs. Poor soul! I longed to point her to the only true physician. On a frame by the door hung many cues of hair, and a few braids of women's long hair, cut off on account of vows

offered to the gods. Above the altar are fine paintings of angels—Buddhist angels are always feminine. By the side of the altar are gilt images of all the deities, sages and saints, it seems to me, in the Buddhist pantheon. Candles burn within, in handsome bronze candelabra; incense smoke is continually rising. The gongs of the priests and their sacred books are also in this place; but the odors and smoky atmosphere is almost stifling. So we leave the temple and ascend the steps, glad to get into the fresh air and enjoy the natural beauty so lavishly displayed here. As we wind up the hillside, filled with the cloisters of the monks to the retired and well stored library on the hilltop, we bless the God of nature “who has so caused us to differ.” From the pent-up closeness of the priest’s temple into the boundless freedom of God’s glorious creation, what a blessed change, and how much more blessed it would be to lose the chains of those who are so bound by priestcraft, avarice and blinding superstition, and let them go free into the full liberty of him who said, “By *faith* ye are saved.”

## LETTER VIII

“TEMPLE OF MOSQUITOES.”

SEPTEMBER 7th, 1862.

As autumn came on, I supposed we should have some relief from our persecutors the mosquitoes, but what is my consternation to find them coming thicker and larger and more venomous in their bite! Dr. H. gives me the hope that at the end of this month they will disappear. It seems to me I get nothing done these hot months but wash and dress baby and keep her as comfortable as I can. Babies make sad havoc of missionary aspirations.

Why, I expected to have a parcel of little ragged children around me, teaching them by this time ; but I have not looked into a Japanese book for three mouths. I was beginning to read the character pretty well before baby came, but since I have been up, we have had so much company that I have had to take more than my usual share of the housekeeping. Besides, I have had very sore eyes, caused by lacquer poison. This has caused me much suffering, and the doctor advised me to bathe them in water as hot as I could stand it. But here comes a letter from dear cousin Lizzie, which is very comforting and newsy, and I do thank her for the morsel of news she passed on from the South. Yes, it is hard for flesh and blood to resign country and friends. It must have been hard for Abram to go out according to God's word ; it must have been hard for him to take his knife to slay his son ; it must have been hard for Moses to resign the pleasures and honor of the Egyptian court, but by faith, he obeyed and received the reward. So it was hard for me—almost heart-crushing—to go out from my friends, when trouble was brooding so gloomily over the country, and we could already hear the mutterings of the storm which was to break with merciless energy on their dear heads. Thus far, God has graciously sustained my faith, but each mail, as I hope for letters and receive none, my heart is becoming sick with "*hope deferred.*" Truly the love of Christ constraineth me to be here, but the heart sometimes grows faint and the spirit weary ; then the cloud of witnesses, and the multitude of promises, and the grace of Him who is ever with His people renews and sustains the affections and the will. Her message therefore, came just at the right time, for my heart was faint and famishing for news. Mr.

B's mother often sends us scraps of news, received through Lynchburg, but it is unsatisfactory, and what might have happened while that was coming? But I must not trouble you with my gloomy foredoings, else you will think that I am not happy here. Yes indeed, I *am* happy, and sometimes almost fear too happy, in the noble companion God has given to guide me through life. We often speak of our pleasant situation, and wonder when the trials of missionary life will come. But this reminds me, you complain in your letter, of hearing so little of our life that you cannot see us as we live at all. When you marry that missionary and come out to the East to live, you will understand the difficulty of painting a picture of Eastern domestic life for Western eyes to appreciate. To speak plainly, I lack the power to paint to you things as they really exist. We breathe a different atmosphere from yours; its peculiarities are not transferable—at least by my pen, and I only speak of them that you may know missionaries are not exempt from them and how they are lifted above them. If I attempt to present them, they fall in distorted shapes on your vision. I have felt this fact most painfully in letters to all my friends; but since you desire it, I will try to give you a description of the homes of some of the lower class; for the better class always surround their houses by high walls in the city, and in the country by thick close hedges, and in villages, by tall black fences, and we have not yet made bold enough to get access to them. We thought best to try to gain their confidence, and thus break down the feeling of reserve and prejudice; but we are hoping the time will soon come when we may visit them freely. In the homes of these villagers, the family usually



consists of the older couple with the eldest son, his wife and children, as he always inherits the homestead, the duty of caring for the parents always falls to him. The houses of the people and their customs are novel and very strange to me, yet sometimes a faint recollection of this and that, makes me think 'why, this is familiar; where could I have seen anything like it?' and then I know it must have been when I was reading my Bible at home. I see much to illustrate many passages in the Bible; especially the dress and customs of the people; but not as much as I would see if I were in some other part of the East. The dress of the Japanese consists of several long, loose robes, confined at the waist by a girdle; and it is difficult for a newcomer to distinguish the sexes except by looking at the head. The men have a short cue which they turn up on top of the head, while the women dress their hair very elaborately, always making use of a hairdresser. It is first profusely oiled, the most usual oil being that made from the seed of the camelia japonica, which is a large nut. This oil gives a beautiful gloss to the hair, but to me the odor is intensely disagreeable. The hair is then combed straight back, and spread out on a small cushion to make a tremendous chignon. This, by young ladies, is varied by dividing the hair and making loops like a bowknot in which is placed a long ornamental hairpin, and some bright colored crepe. There are varieties of these knots, according to age and rank; the *Oba Sans*, or grandmothers, take the little hair left to them, and spread it over an oblong cushion on the top of the head. Of course, after all the time and money spent in arranging the hair, the utmost care is taken not to disturb the pose of these little cushions; hence no

covering on the head is used by day, and a small wooden pillow, curved to fit into the neck, with a roll of paper or soft cotton on the top of it, is always used at night; so that the hair looks well for several days without being rearranged. In the coldest weather in taking a journey, a long piece of modest crepe is thrown over the head and partly over the face; crossing in front, it is taken behind and tied. The men use a hood of quilted silk. They also in shaving, consider a barber indispensable.

NOTE:—This was my husband's 30th birthday, and our baby was baptized on this day by the Rev. Samuel R. Brown in the presence of our beloved physician, Dr. Hepburn, and Dr. Brown's family. May the vows then taken never be broken or forgotten! This was not probably the first instance of the baptism of an infant in Japan, as Dr. Guido F. Verbeck of Nagasaki had a child or children born before our own; but it doubtless was unique in being the first administration of the ordinance in a Buddhist temple and the first child in this part of Japan.

The people do not wear shoes as we do, but the straw sandal is universally used, except in muddy weather, when they make use of a wooden shoe called a 'geta.' They do not practice the barbarous habit of compressing the feet of the women, as do their neighbors, the Chinese. The sandal, as it is held on by the toes, rather tends to enlarge the foot. There is a thong put in the middle of the toe of the sandal, which passes between the great toe, and the next, and as this is the only means of keeping on the sandal, there is a flipflap at the heel, which is not pleasant, nor tends to grace of movement. The garments of the ladies fit very tight around them, and our hoopskirts are a never-ceasing subject of talk and wonder among them. The young girls, since I have become accustomed to their flat noses and slanting eyes, I consider very pretty. They have such beautiful white teeth, sparkling black

eyes and bright color ; and are usually very sprightly. These people have a horrid custom of making the married or betrothed ladies, shave off the eyebrows and blacken the teeth, which causes them to decay very soon. Perhaps this is done to destroy their charms, so that no other gentleman may fall in love with them. I am surprised and pleased to find the Japanese accord to their women so large a measure of respect and considerate care. She is almost as much at liberty to walk and visit as in our own land. Indeed, any amount of social freedom prevails among womankind here. After the meals are cooked and the home made tidy, a woman is at liberty to go where she will and gossip with whom she likes, over the hibachi, and tea-tray sitting near. The national annals of Japan will show probably as large a number of illustrious women as any other Asiatic country. Out of one hundred and twenty sovereigns, nine have been women. The chief deity in their mythology is a woman ; and I have heard that it was the wit and genius of women that made their native tongue a literary language. I have seen enough to know that she can and does generally rule her own household ; and she considers it her duty and privilege to share whatever of pain or sorrow is appointed to man, but I am sorry to say, the man is not always as faithful to her, being at liberty to divorce her for a very slight cause. Polygamy is practiced, though it is not universal. A Japanese girl of fifteen is bright, intelligent, interesting, modest, ladylike and self-reliant. Their liberty causes them to be self-confident and dignified. They are taught obedience to parents, and after marriage, obedience to the husband and his parents, especially the mother-in-law who sometimes rules with a rod of iron. In natural affection, tenderness,

patience, the Japanese mother is quite equal to mothers in other lands. Japanese children are proverbial for their docility and obedience. "Japan is a paradise for babies" is the opinion of England's representative here; but he could not have added that these babies make Japan a paradise, for it is true of this land as well as of Ceylon's Isle, that 'only man is vile.'

My first Christmas in Japan was rather a doleful one. Few happy greetings, no presents, and no one of the heathen could we make understand why on this day particularly, we wished to be gay and gladsome. Oh! how I wished for the gift of tongues. I could not content myself in the house, so calling for my pony, I went out to have a joyous time with birds as they carolled their songs of praise from the lonely pine treetops.

Speaking of things Oriental, there is an air about everything I see, which quite fascinates me. I have seen nothing, however, of Oriental luxury and splendor yet, such as I have heard is in the temples at Nikko, but I can fancy from the rude elaborate carvings around these old temples and in their fabulous designs, that I have a rich treat before me in viewing the decorations in high life as well as in those magnificent temples in the capital. If you take a peep into our back yard, you will see in a space not as large as your lawn at home, some attempt at amateur gardening; there are miniature mountains, grottoes and rockeries rich in fernery and trailing plants. Yet in the front of this temple, nothing green is allowed to grow. It is well sanded and kept neat and clean.

## LETTER IX

KANAGAWA JAPAN,

NOVEMBER 23, 1862.

Another birthday has come round and it is meet that I should send you a yearly message. On my first birthday, I had but just arrived at our new home and knew not "how it would go with us": then I was a spectator, now I am a worker, in the smallest of ways to be sure, but still I am busy. Then all seemed new and strange to me; now I am as much at home as if I had been born in a heathen temple. I begin to feel my importance too, for I know that if I can be of no other use in this land, I can at least make a home for new missionaries who are coming in. Besides our own family, we have made a home for three young men and two missionary families from China, during the last year. And during this year I have taken upon myself new duties, new responsibilities and new enjoyments, added one little spirit to the list of immortals, and hoped and prayed I may be instrumental of adding many more of Christ's elect to the list of His redeemed. These changes are contemporary with many you could count on the opposite side of the globe. Everything is changed except our hearts; I trust they remain the same, only as they have gathered spiritual influences about them and adorned themselves with more Christian graces, we hope and trust.

I wish you were sitting beside me now, in this room, as comfortable and clean if not quite so handsomely furnished as yours. The dark, glossy leaves of the cape jessamine just below my window, are sparkling with raindrops, and several months ago

its white blossoms would fill the house with their rich perfume. The trees too are dripping with rain, and our gorgeous autumn birds, though not with the rich voices of our bobolink, are singing in the branches, while the tops of the odd looking native huts that peep over our black fence, add picturesqueness to the scene, just as a gnarled tree or ugly stump beautifies our American landscape. And the bell of the temple is tolling out the soft mellow notes of the vespers upon the still air ; all nature seems to say "This is a holy hour" and seems to be worshipping ; my spirit sympathizes with this relic of popery, as the melodious notes fall upon my ear morning and evening. I have often heard the tones of the bells of Japan praised by foreigners from all lands. This reminds me of Lady Franklin's visit, a short time ago. She spoke of the peculiar tone of these bells, and of the power of heathenism in this land, over minds that had received Christian education. I fear she saw much of the fruits of it in Yokohama where she was staying. The young men there, having no Christian influences and restraints, become very loose in conduct. Lady F. and her niece spoke in a rapturous manner of the beauty of this land. She expects in a few days to ride on horseback to Yedo—a distance of 15 miles. She is quite an elderly lady for such a jaunt, but I presume she will have a norimon into which she can get and rest herself. She asked very pleasantly for my saddle to use on this journey, and gave some encouraging words for our work. She was escorted by a full suite of Englishmen in uniform, and as they rode into our yard, they quite startled me.

We also have visiting Japan this summer, the American consul from Amoy. He left by last steamer for the U. S. carrying dispatches from our legation

to Washington. He told me that he expected to be near the Virginia lines, and offered to take letters or packages for us. While he was here, there was an excursion made up of missionaries and some residents from Yokohama, to visit a large image of Buddha at Kamakura, the old capital of Japan, about 12 miles from here. As I could not leave my baby long, we agreed to an early start and return that evening. I borrowed for the occasion a larger and stronger horse than my Donald, which proved to be rather more than I could manage. Before we had gone 3 miles, in going up a little hill, where the road was not wide enough to ride two abreast, he tried to dump me into a paddy field. As it had recently rained, the hill was wet and slippery, and I fell behind my husband in the riding path near the edge of a bank, below which were rice fields now lying in a fallow state, and full of water. My horse's foot slipped, and down we went from a bank 5 feet high, into the dirty, muddy water; but I kept my saddle, although the horse, finding himself in this element, thought he must act like a fish, and began floundering away. It was a good while before the groom could make up his mind to soil his new pants by rushing after the horse, but at last he caught him, and I got off on his shoulder, and from that my husband helped me onto the firm ground. The betto and horse had a long distance to go before they could get out of the field onto the road; but there was no injury done and I got on my horse again and we continued our journey. But in coming home, the consul rode up beside me, and as my horse had been biting at his all day, it determined now to have its revenge; so giving his horse a kick, it started off at full speed and the other horse following. We had rather a John Gilpin ride for several

miles ; the betto tried to help me manage my charger, but he had at last to let go the bridle, and away we went, leaving betto and the rest of the party far behind. But when our ponies had their play out, they stopped, and we rode along leisurely, waiting for the others to come up.

Now I must tell you of something we saw on this excursion. The country in the immediate vicinity of Kanagawa has a mild sort of beauty, compared to the wild and diversified hilly region through which we went. There was, at this season, a peculiar freshness and softness in the landscape. The trees seemed to me more beautiful than any I had ever seen elsewhere. The Japanese are great amateur gardeners. Every cottage of any size is thus made to look almost like fairyland. Near the suburbs of Yokohama, we passed some magnificent hedges. These I think, are the prettiest feature of the country. We saw often miserable farmers' dwellings so prettily enclosed and surrounded, as to produce, notwithstanding their own ugliness, a pleasing effect ; reminding me of Sir Rutherford Alcock's description of hedges in Japan. He says " Here is a low hedge, or border rather, made of teaplant, two or three bushes deep, and growing about three feet high, not unlike the ordinary flowering camelia, of which it is a species. Now we come to an enclosure fenced in with nectarines, and there is a hedge of pomegranates ; or it is a tall, close twisted fence of cryptomeria ; while over that porch of thatch the wistaria spreads its insatiable desire, its far-reaching arms, to be covered, in the spring, with glorious clusters of white flowers."

There is abundance of wild game in the wooded country through which we passed, and we frequently started up flocks of beautiful pheasants, as they



sat picking the few grains of rice that were left in the fields. But there is a stringent law forbidding the killing of birds within ten or twenty miles of where foreigners live; so in order to take any game, a long tramp is necessary. This law has been frequently violated by Englishmen here, and they in consequence, have received severe reprimands by their own as well as by the Japanese officials. But it is a strong temptation.

Now the road gives a sharp turn, leaving the beautiful green behind, and we come down a steep hill to the seabeach. The road winds in and out of the bay for a mile or two, which would be pleasant were it not that along the beach is quite a village, whose inhabitants subsist by fishing, and the children wonder to see such a cavalcade of 'tojin,' and follow us for a long distance, accosting us with epithets not very agreeable to hear, such as 'baka' = fool, 'anata' = you, 'ketojin' = hairy foreigner. These expressions are familiarities which they would not dare to use toward their own people. We pass several picturesque temples on the hillside before we come to the town of Kamakura. This place has degenerated greatly since the removal of royalty, but we still see something of its former greatness in the many beautiful temples which crown its surrounding hills. The first which attracts attention is a pagoda-shaped one, of which I had seen very few in this land. This is supposed to contain some relic of Buddha, probably a tooth. But the principal temple here is Hachiman, built by Yoritomo, founder of this city, and of the Shoguns.

It was built nearly 800 years ago, in return for the aid of the gods which had enabled him to achieve great deeds in the civil wars of that period. The main temple is surrounded by a square colonade

painted red. In this colonade is a permanent exhibition of treasures belonging to the temple, such as curios, pottery, lacquer trays, &c. owned by the wife of Yoritomo. From this temple is an avenue leading to the seashore. There are three stone torii; one in front of the grounds; a second, fifty yards down the avenue; and a third, 800 yards from the seashore. Another temple is Kenchoji, dating from the time of Yoritomo. Its first abbot was a Chinese priest. In the courtyard are several beautiful trees, juniperus, chinensis—this seems to be a favorite tree in the temples. At this place the Butsudan or main hall is very large; its lacquered pillars were once covered with gold. The paintings in the ceilings are gold, with phoenixes traced over them. This is just exquisite. A large wooden and gilt sitting image of Jizo (god of children) occupies the altar. The spot where this temple stands was formerly the execution ground, and went by the name of "Jigoku ga Yatsu" (the 8th or lowest hell). On the terraced hillside are various monasteries, and at the top of a steep flight of steps is a belfry, containing the largest bell in the place. It dates from 1200 and is 6 inches thick, 4 ft. 7 inches in diameter and about 8 ft. high. There is a stream of considerable size flowing near these temples, and is famous for a story.

One evening a man was going to the palace to take his turn at nightwatch. He dropped ten cash into the stream and then bought 50 cash worth of torches to search for the lost coin. His friends laughed at him for spending so much to recover so little. He replied with a frown, "Sirs, you are foolish and ignorant of economics. You are not actuated by feelings of benevolence. Had I not sought for these ten cash they would have been forever lost; the 50

which I have expended on torches will remain in the hands of tradesmen. Whether they have them, or I, is no matter, so long as not a single one of them is lost, that is so much gain for the country."

Gokurakuji, originally a large temple with a pagoda, belfry and library was founded in the 16th century. Near it was the palace of the Hojo dynasty of Shoguns. Fujiyama here comes well into view behind the well-wooded island of Enoshima, and near the stream which is unworthy of mention except for the following incident.

It was here, says tradition, that Nichiren the famous priest, was miraculously delivered from the hand of the executioner, in 1233. He founded a new sect, which grew to be one of the largest and wealthiest, and most influential in Japan. It has probably furnished a greater number of brilliant intellects, zealots, unquailing martyrs and relentless than any other in the empire. No other is so fond of controversy; none can excel them in proselyting zeal, in the bitterness of theological arguments, the venom of their revilings and the ugly epithets they hurl at those who differ from them. To this sect belonged Kato Kiyomasa, the bloody persecutor of the Christians in the 16th century. Nichiren founded temples during his life and was busy in teaching, preaching and itinerating. He published a book called *Ankokuron* (Argument to Tranquilize the Country) which title was by no means an exponent of its style and tone. Roused by the bitterness of his attack, a host of enemies complained to the powers at Kamakura, and prayed to have him silenced; whereupon he was banished to Cape Idzû where he remained three years. On his release, instead of holding his tongue, he allowed it to run more violently than ever. They again arrested him

and condemned him to death. The day of his execution came; he was taken from his cell; kneeling down on the sand, he repeated the prayer "Namu myoho rengekyo"; the swordsman lifting his sword, with all his might made the downward stroke. Suddenly a flood of blinding light burst from the sky and smote the executioner. His blade was broken in pieces, while the holy man was unharmed. At the same time, Hojo, the lord of Kamakura, was startled at his revels in the palace, by the sound of the thunder, though there was not a cloud in the sky. Dazed by the sign of heaven's displeasure, and divining that it was on account of the holy victim, he instantly dispatched a fleet messenger to stay the execution. At the same time the official inspector had sent a messenger to ask a reprieve, and the two men, coming from opposite directions, met at this small stream, which tourists still cross, on their way from Kamakura to the beautiful island of Enoshima. This island is sacred to the goddess Benten, one of the seven deities of good fortune. There is here a great cave 124 yards deep, the height at the entrance 30 ft. It was formerly the true temple of the goddess. Tradition says that before the existence of the island, that part of the sea now occupied by the cave was inhabited by a dragon who used to devour the children of the neighborhood. (Note.—Here is a great market for shells, corals and marine curiosities. The surrounding hills of the old town of Kamakura have a number of other temples but they are not of sufficient interest to be described.)

About 2 miles from the old town of Kamakura is a small village near which stands the celebrated image called Dai Butsu (Great Buddha) which we especially came to see. His colossal figure is seen among the trees as we approach. There had been

a temple since the 8th century but the image is of much later date. Its precise history is involved in obscurity. Tradition says that Yoritomo, when taking part in the dedication of the restored temple to the Nara Daibutsu, conceived the desire to have a similar temple at his own capital, but died before he could put his plan into execution. One of his servants, however, carried out the plan. The image is formed of sheets of bronze, cast separately, soldered together and finished off on the outside with a chisel. The eyes are said to be of pure gold, and the silver in the bronze is 30 pounds. The image is 50 ft. high 98 in circumference, length of face 8 ft., from ear to ear, 18 ft.; length of eyes 4 ft.; of ears, 6 ft.; mouth, 3 ft., nose 3 ft.; circumference of thumb, 3 ft. He sits calmly on a huge lotus flower, the personification of serenity and benevolence. The best view is about halfway up the courtyard. We stood viewing it from this distance and thought there would be more reason in idolatry if what were worshiped, were always as impressive as this. An old priest came and invited us to go nearer. In standing beneath it, I felt my own littleness as never before, and acknowledged to some degree of awe and reverence to such a masterpiece of human art! The priest did not seem to consider it desecration when some of the party climbed up, and over it in every way. When they saw we were disposed to examine it minutely, they got a ladder and told us to go up on its lap. I was one of three ladies to sit on his thumb. Five gentlemen afterwards sat on the thumb together. This image has sat thus for 800 years, though not exposed to the weather all that time, as it formerly had a temple over it. It is hollow inside, and some of the party went in, and there they found incense sticks, candles burning,

and various offerings that were brought that morning by some devotee. In the presence of such an image I realized that it is only by the grace of God that we are not all idol worshipers, for that is the inevitable tendency of the human heart. Idolatry in Japan seems cleaner than in ancient Greece and Rome; no nude images are visible except of infants in the arms of the large idols. But such as it is, it must be broken up; for human nature is powerless to extricate itself from the ruin into which it has voluntarily plunged, and nothing can accomplish this but the gospel of Christ. Then—

“Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel; win and conquer, never cease.”

Note.—To enter the cave you have to descend a high rocky cliff the sea side of the Island; the cave itself the product of the long battling waves of the great Pacific is very spacious at its entrance, but as you proceed in a crouching position, with torches through its narrow passage you come at last to a stone serpent with head uplifted on its coil, with lamps burning, and offerings of rice and food before it—a true type of that Old Serpent, the devil, who has so long duped this simple-minded people!

## LETTER X

KANAGAWA, JAPAN,

JAN. 2, 1863.

Owing to the blockade, all communication with Southern friends in America was closed for several months; hence these jottings from my journal. This year opens with a few changes in our family. Dr. H. has left us to go into his new residence in Yokohama, which has chimneys and a kitchen—quite an anomaly in Japanese architecture. With new servants, no cooking stove, and three young

men to board, my time is quite taken up in house-keeping and attending to baby. A chronicle is useful in this respect, if no other, that we may see how much of life is taken up with little things, though I mean to try to do something with the language this winter and prepare myself for future usefulness here. I seem on the threshold of the very kind of usefulness I have nearly all my life longed for, and I so ardently desire the honor of doing something for these poor people, gathering a few sheaves before I die. Yesterday P. M. I called with my husband, on some of the people, and had a trial of our conversational powers. Oh! for more liberty in this tongue.

Jan. 12th. We are having a nice quiet time now, and all are improving it in a persevering study of the language. I have engaged a little priest to help me in the study of the language. He was recommended to me on account of being such a good scribe; as I desire not only to read the character but to write it, and he encourages me much. I fear they are a nation of great flatterers. I am sorry not to be able to compliment his sagacity as much as he does mine; for he tries my patience to the utmost in his dullness of comprehension. But I dare say, if he spoke the truth in regard to me, I would be found to be equally dull.

Jan. 15th. I went with my husband to call on several families again last evening; we were received cordially and treated to scalding hot tea, without sugar or milk, and a kind of cake made of gelatine and sugar. At another house I was invited to a seat on a box turned upside down, and a cushion placed on it; then I had offered to me the pipe, but on explaining that I could not use it, they laughed and chatted away to each other, no doubt comment-

ing on our customs. One of the women was sent out to provide refreshments, while the mother with all her children, drew around me, examining every garment I had on. Soon the other woman came in with some gelatine on bark, which I was expected to take with a little new toothpick, provided for the purpose. I had never attempted to use chopsticks, but thought I could manage to use this. So taking the stick I stuck it in the gelatine to hold it to my mouth, and bit off a small piece, which amused the children greatly, and they cried out "Yoku" (good). I told them that we used forks for such purposes; they readily acknowledged the superiority of foreign implements. Mr. B. then attempted to speak some of the words of life, but it was with a stammering tongue. Our next visit was to the house of Mr. B's teacher. He has known something of the gospel for about three years but is still very much prejudiced against it. My husband, in order to interest him more, is getting him to translate the Gospel of John, and he has lately manifested not only interest but emotion, in reading it, which shows that he has thought deeply on the subject. He has not been at all well for some time past, and Dr. H. thinks his lungs are diseased. He has not been to the house for a week, but continues his translation at home. He was very much touched by my sending him some beef tea and cornstarch yesterday.

Jan. 18th. We have a regular American snow-storm today, and the snow is now lying about 18 inches deep. The wonderment of the people over it show that this is something unusual, though last winter I think they had about the same depth. January and February are the only very cold months in this latitude, though the atmosphere is sufficiently chilly in October to require stoves; but the weather



continues bright and pleasant until Christmas. In February the japonicas begin to bloom, then we have rich flowers until Christmas again. We have just had a call from old Baba, who goes round selling eggs for a livelihood. She manages to make pretty lively times wherever she goes, for having once been an actress, she carries theatricals into all the kitchens and homes she enters. In thinking over our work and the future, it has occurred to me, what a good Bible-woman she would make, having the ready entrance to all these homes. She could carry in truth, "glad tidings" and illustrate all she would say, in Oriental fashion.† Little Carrie is having a great romp with her now. I employed her while I was sick, and the child is very fond of her, for she talks a great deal and very fast, with many gestures. It is as good as a play to watch them. Baba is also a little interested in our Bible lessons, we think. She has not much faith in idols, and laughs at some of the superstitions of the people. She is quick to take up a new idea. We often talk to her on religious subjects and she assents to all we say, but we sometimes fear she is deceitful. Baby's nurse is very different; she is so stubborn, or obtuse that we cannot get any but the Japanese ideas to stick. Baba said she could not keep warm at home, and came to get thawed out by my stove though she has thickly wadded clothes on. The only fire the Japanese have in their houses is a brazier or vessel set in the middle of the floor for a charcoal fire. Over this they sit and shiver and warm their fingers. They never seem to complain of their feet, though they wear no stockings—nothing but straw sandals—that is, the lower classes.

Jan. 20th. Sensei (teacher) is seriously ill. We go to see him nearly every day, and send him about

† First woman Convert, baptized by Rev. D. Thompson, Feb. 1869.

all that he eats. It is pitiful to see him lying on the hard mats with the little wooden pillow. I asked him to allow me to send him one of my feather pillows, for which he seemed so grateful, and after a few days, asked if I could not let him have another one to lie on, as the mats were so hard. I gladly complied; he confessed to my husband that much against his will, the conviction has been growing upon him that our religion is true, and that his is false. He is every day begging for baptism, but my husband prefers to wait a while.

Jan. 25th. It is quite evident that sensei is very sincere in seeking for the truth, and as Dr. H. thinks he cannot recover, they have decided to baptize him very soon. 1st Sabbath.—~~Now~~ Baptism was administered to sensei yesterday, and in calling to see him to-day, I was much shocked at the change in his appearance, and on our coming away, he raised up on his elbow and said, bowing his head to the floor, "I must say my last 'goodbye' to you. I am going to see Jesus, and when I see Him, I will tell him all you and your good husband have done for me." Could I ask for anything more precious than to have my name mentioned to Jesus by a heathen convert? I consider this the happiest event in my whole life. Lord, grant us many such jewels in our crown of rejoicing. 27th. Sensei passed away last night, and his funeral is this P. M. We have to see him buried with heathen rites. Until his death, I had not realized that heaven was as near Japan as America, and formerly felt that I must return home to die; but now that he has opened the gate, I feel that it stands ajar for me, even here, and I trust, for many others from this land.

Feb. 1st. Still quietly plodding along with nothing to disturb the even tenor of our lives. We miss

the doctor greatly, and the Brown family being in affliction, this winter, we see very little of them, or of anybody from Yokohama. Every Sunday, we cross over the bay in a boat and go to church, having our service in a room in one end of the town. We can go and return without seeing much that is transpiring. I so frequently have to stay at home with baby that I feel out of place when there. But we do not neglect the means of grace here ; we have a weekly prayermeeting, and the Lord's Supper is administered the first Sabbath of every month, in this temple. I am doing famously with my studies, my teacher tells me, and can now write very neatly, the hiragana. My teacher says, it is "rippa" (elegant). He brought me today a book of poetry, and is teaching me to read in the chanting tone which the priests use. Feb. 10th. A call from Dr. H. today, by no means the first. He expects his wife soon, and is quite jovial in consequence. He has prepared for her a very comfortable and beautiful home, which quite puts us in the notion of making our old temple home look a little more cheerful. In speaking to Dr. H. of the proposed improvement, he rather discouraged us, by saying he did not think we would be allowed to live here much longer. We told him that we had no such intimation from the Government. He said that he had, both before he left here and sometime after ; that was the principal reason of his leaving, because he could not think that this was a permanent home. But Mr. Brown does not agree with him, and says that we can stay as long as we wish, by a decided stand to maintain our treaty rights. He rather reflected on the doctor for not standing by us, seeing this is so much the better situation for mission work, with the people all around us. Dr. H.

thought Yokohama was better for establishing his dispensary.

March 4th. Some Government officials waited on my husband and Mr. B. yesterday saying they were authorized to give us warning that we could not rent this temple another year. Mr. B. remonstrated, then asked for another temple. They said they had not the power to give us another, whereupon Mr. Brown desired an audience with the Governor of the place. The matter was talked over and there did not seem to be as much objection to our residence on this side as we at first anticipated. The Governor said he was only consulting our convenience and safety. Mr. B. told him to set his mind at rest; we had no fears and were in the very place we wished to be in, and then he thought that in order to show them we had no idea of leaving, we had better go on with the proposed improvement to the house, so next month, we will have the carpenters at work. The officers who are placed in the yard to guard (?) us, frequently speak to the gentlemen about the great disturbances going on in the Empire, caused by foreigners coming here, but we think this is only a ruse to frighten us. It may be that we are in some danger here, but as long as our Consul remains, we feel that we have a right to stay. 10th. A lovely day, with doors and windows wide open, as they have at home in the month of June. The workmen came to take measurements today. We wish to have two windows made to give more light, and the verandah to keep out the sun and heat, and as a place for exercise in wet weather, of which we have had a superabundance this spring. We do not however feel as entirely secure as in months past; the country is evidently in commotion, and our presence here is probably

disturbing the people, for there is evidently a change in their demeanor towards us. We feel that there is a storm brewing and know not at what hour it may burst upon us, but we endeavor to go on with our duties calmly, knowing that nothing can come to pass, contrary to our Father's will.

May 30th. I greatly fear we shall have to leave our dear old temple home where we have enjoyed so much quiet and repose, and go, we know not whither. How deceitfully the Government has behaved toward us; but what could we expect from a people whose policy is anything but straightforward. They are ever ready with a thousand crooked arguments, for not giving a direct answer to a direct demand, and in our case, have descended to base subterfuges to cover this cowardly act. They allege that a number of lawless men called "Ronin" are coming down from the mountains to attack foreigners, and that it will be far better for us to go to Yokohama where we can better protect ourselves. They pretend great solicitude for our safety (?). The missionaries think this is only a ruse to get us out of Kanagawa to Yokohama which they have entirely surrounded by a canal, and it is thus cut off from the main land, and of course they could in a little while starve us out, or burn the town before assistance could be given. Of this, however, there is not so much concern on the part of foreigners as that its object is to control mercantile freedom.

The Government has so worked on the fears of our Consul with regard to this place, that he has determined to leave; and if he goes, of course we follow. We have just heard a rumor that our Minister's temple residence in Yedo has been burned and he is leaving. That may be the way they will serve us if we refuse to go, but as tomorrow is the

Sabbath, I trust they will permit us freedom from disturbance on that day. .

Sunday 4 P. M. This has been an extraordinary and busy day. Last night about midnight, we were awakened by a loud knocking at the gate, and when it was opened, our Minister himself came to the door with quite a guard around him, and bade us arise and get ready at once to leave this place. Early this morning, we were again disturbed by loud knocking at the gate, and a band of officers walked with authority up to our door, with a dispatch from the governor, for us to prepare to leave in all haste, saying that we were in imminent danger, as the "Ronin" were not far from the town. But the missionaries preferred in all calmness a request that they should be allowed to remain till after the Sabbath; which was granted at our own risk. After committing ourselves to God, we quietly made such preparations for leaving as the necessity of the case demanded. There are already in the yard, about 100 men, sent by the government to guard us during the night,—certainly very considerate of our wishes and religious convictions. I did not feel the least frightened, but indignant that our Minister and Consul should allow themselves to be thus imposed upon. Poor little Carrie! her wet-nurse left her this morning. Our other servants still stay by us. I shall have to feed baby now on rice and tea until I can get milk from Yokohama.

June. 4th. Yokohama. We are snugly ensconced at Dr. H's, as the Japanese made no provision for us after turning us out of our homes. We dislike to thrust ourselves upon our good Dr. knowing that he blames us for not having foreseen and provided for this emergency long ago, as he did. But we were placed in rather different circumstances; our Board

would not authorize us to buy property here while it was cheap, and we had a prospect of remaining in a place which we considered more advantageous for our work. Now that property has increased in value so much, our Board think that they cannot afford to purchase. Dr. H. bought his property with his own funds and left it optional with his Board whether or not they would take it off his hands. In a few days we expect to obtain rooms in the American consulate, which, I suspect, will be rather rough living, since it consists of two or three little Japanese houses united together by a verandah, with a high, black fence surrounding it. The H's are very kind and endeavor to cheer us. Mrs. H. says she does not envy me in going to such a public place as the consulate, but it is the best we can do.

June 6th. Still at Dr. H's, hoping that we may be allowed to return to our temple home, as the Japanese promised our removal should be but temporary. The "Ronin" have not yet made their appearance, and the inhabitants of Yokohama are astonished that we succumbed so quietly. Whenever I think of our "hegira" from Kanagawa, I have to laugh. It was so ludicrous and such a farce. On Sunday night, as before stated, we had a large guard of Japanese, and Monday morning about daylight we were awakened by the arrival of as many more foreign marines to assist in guarding us as we walked through the streets. And very soon our consul and Minister arrived (they had taken their families to Yokohama the day before). They appeared very formidable with sword and pistols. The Japanese soldiers headed the procession, we in the center, and the American marines following. Mrs. Brown was escorted by the Commodore and Captain of the ship; I walked between the Minister and

Consul ; and Miss. Hattie B. between her father and my husband. We walked very solemnly to the wharf, and were put hastily into the boats and quickly rowed over the bay, then left to find a home where we could.

We find, after all, that we are obliged to go to the consulate. Now we are not living at all, but "staying round in spots."

JUNE 15th. I clip a few pages out of my journal to let you know the order of the recent events. We took possession of our *dirty* little rooms in the consulate and had no end of disagreeable experiences there ; I have scarcely time to enumerate them now, but see from my journal, I have dotted down these thoughts from the Psalm of Life :—"Not achieving, but pursuing ; learning to labor and to wait." In another place I have written "*Faint, yet pursuing*" ; so you may know that we were many times discouraged and almost at the point of despair.

SEPTEMBER. When we found we were obliged to go into the consulate my husband made several trips to our old temple home to bring over a few things for housekeeping that were indispensable. We did not for one instant wish the government to think we had given over all expectation of returning to Kanagawa. We then had to spend considerable time in cleaning and preparing the rooms before going into them ; and when we went, found all nice and clean, but no glass windows or real doors, as this is a Japanese house—only paper screens ; however as our residence was to be only for the summer, we could bear these inconveniences.

After we had been there one month, living under very trying circumstances, thieves broke into the house and so frightened and discommoded us that



we made an attempt to return to Kanagawa ; but on taking our effects to the wharf, the officials would not let us have boats to go across the bay, so we were obliged to return to our rooms, with only a promise from the governor that if we would wait a few days longer, we should have a lot in Yokohama given us in lieu of our temple home. But that promise was made twice before, so with little hope of its ever being fulfilled, we once more yielded and waited longer. When after various trials and disappointments, the lot near the wharf was set aside for us. This was to be divided, one half for Mr. Brown, and one half for us ; and eventually we both gave these plots to the mission Board—one for a church and the other for a mission house. We moved into the little Japanese houses on the lot, but had not been there three days before the officials came, saying the lot had been previously given to others, and as it was a mistake, we would have to give it up ; we assented, provided we were allowed to return to Kanagawa, but of course they didn't agree to that. Thereafter, for weeks they pestered us with urging, pleading, and finally with threats of the 'Ronin' and even of burning us out ; but through it all we were enabled by God's help to stand firm in maintaining our treaty rights. We are at last settled in our own home and are quite comfortable within, though in the midst of noise, filth, and disagreeable odors without, being on a street which connects the native with the foreign town, and also leads to the wharf, consequently it is the thoroughfare for all the business of the community. Yet notwithstanding Jacks' drunken sprees, coolies' cries, and songs, the prayers of mendicant priests, the beggars' wail of sorrow, the stench of the filthy ditch just outside the lot, and under

my window, also of decaying fish, eggs and vegetables from the market close by—all this assailing ears and nose by day and night ; still I can call it an oasis in the wilderness of discouragement, because it is our *home*, and in it we are helped so wonderfully by our Heavenly Father to bear our trials. But of all these trials, I do not like to speak or think, so we will leave them and pass to other signs of the times, which look very cheering and bright, because our work seems to be opening out encouragingly for us. I refer to the opening of classes for teaching English for many of the Japanese young men whether in business or officials of government.

How true it is that often “ The clouds we so much dread, are big with mercies, and shall break in blessings on our heads.”

## LETTER XI

YOKOHAMA, 1864.

You ask if tranquility is restored to the government since we have given up Kanagawa. By no means ; though they doubtless feel relieved to have us in a more secure place, since the whole Empire seems to be on the eve of revolution. There seems to have been, ever since the opening of the country, a series of revolutions and counter-revolutions. The chief of these disturbances has been the desire on the part of some to introduce a more liberal policy so as to inaugurate a new era of progress.

These progressive measures are very repugnant to the conservative members of the Government who regard them as fraught with danger to the stability of the Empire, and there is likely to be a division between the North and South, the Northern and

more progressive princes, with the Shogun, that more freedom, and extension of trade will be the making of the country. But the Mikado and Southern princes look with a jealous eye upon the introduction of foreigners and the innovations which they necessitate. The citizens of this place were thrown into quite a panic a short time since by a document from the government of the Mikado, ordering all foreigners to leave the Empire, or prepare to defend themselves, as he intended to give battle and exterminate them at the end of the 6th month. Troops were soon ordered from China, in sufficient numbers to protect us, but we live still in some uncertainty and dread of what will happen; however the 6th month has passed without any warlike demonstrations. We hope that the threat may end like the ruse of the 'ronin.' Perhaps the easiest way of solving our difficulties when at Kanagawa, would have been to have yielded at once to the wish of the authorities; but there were several important reasons which prevented us from doing so. The local officials there, by their kindly interchange of civilities, had tacitly consented to our residence among them, so that allowing ourselves to be driven away when our countries were on friendly terms, would, we feared, not only have an unfavorable effect upon the people, it might also necessitate the abandonment of our work,—at least for a time. It was likely also, that in case of our absence, all natives who had been connected with us, either as servants, teachers, workmen or friends, might suffer in consequence. To prove the reality of this danger, I mention our nurse leaving us in great terror, just at the time when we most needed her. But in remonstrating, and at last going as an accommodation to them, and trusting to their fidelity

to restore us, gave the people an appearance of friendship between us and the government, such as I fear, had not existed. Besides, we had no idea at the time, of the critical condition of the Shogun's government. We Americans have flattered ourselves that we are the favored nation, and the delusion—if it is such—is so pleasant, that we care not to be disabused of it. The English are now, however, gaining the ascendancy. All petitions to the government have to be thrust forward with an energy that proves there is power behind to support you. I notice in her commercial relations with the different nations, that one was the most favored who had the most warships in harbor. England, since she brought her troops here, has had no difficulty in getting all the land she demands. As it was the English consul who joined with the merchants in preferring Yokohama, and really getting settled here two years prior to our consul, they have somewhat the start of us in the heart of the officials; but from what I saw at Shanghai, I think the predominating culture, thought and manners in all the Eastern ports is English. In this place, they already outnumber all other nationalities; they have two newspapers, a daily and a weekly, a church in progress of construction, two banks, with the English soldiers ever present, and also their navy. Their unrivalled civil service gives them a number of good students of this language in their consulates; they also have most of the business under their control. All this is helped by their ascendancy in the neighboring lands of China and India. The large naval force kept in these waters, and a regiment now quartered here, while allaying our fears in times of danger, are however, reasons why so many of their nationality have felt the

vengeful sword of the Japanese samurai. For in every injustice and brutality against the people, a "John Bull" was sure to be at the head of it. It is acknowledged by the Japanese that Americans, as a class, are more in sympathy with them and treat them more as equals. But having no Eastern possessions, we require no army here, and all our ships of war are needed at home during this civil conflict. So we can but gracefully submit to being eclipsed. Being such a cosmopolitan place, the dwellers here learn to be very discreet in all the windings of conversation, lest we give offence to our neighbors. What would be complimentary to one man may be very unpleasant to another ; so we become schooled to make only "the correct remark." One must be charitable to all, and malicious to none, and thus one becomes cosmopolitan, both in opinion and in moral practice. To make a pleasant impression on the people, one must have command of his temper and be smilingly polite on all occasions ; never be in a hurry to commit a breach of etiquette which is more than law or morals. By thus acting, one can gain almost anything.

Commodore Perry inaugurated a policy in his dealings with the Japanese which all who wish to be successful in this land will find the safest, quickest, the surest to follow. In order to win new concessions, or to lead them to higher reforms, instead of asking an immediate answer to ~~his~~ demands, Commodore Perry willingly allowed them a certain period of time to consider the points he wished to gain. At the end of that time, he promised to see them again, and he *always kept his promise*. For when the government desired time to think over the propositions from our President, he told them he would go away and return again in seven

months; and in just seven months, he came again with an augmented fleet of nine ships, to prove that he was in earnest. The Japanese found him as persevering, polite and considerate, but as inflexibly firm as ever. Instead of making the treaty at a great distance from Yedo, as Uruga, where they wished him to proceed with his fleet; he declined, steadily, maintaining the desirability of a nearer point. The beach where Yokohama now stands was the place chosen, and here, adjoining the very spot where we live, on the 8th of March, 1854, were exchanged the formal articles of the convention between the U. S. and Japan.

The underhand cunning and disregard for truth which seems to be a part of official human nature in Japan, is too often matched by the coldblooded villainy and treachery of unprincipled foreigners of all creeds and nationalities, which now make up the homogenous mass of Yokohama population. These overturnings and upheavals of Japan's political state is a time of great trial for her citizens, and for those who happen to be the pioneers of her civilization. I often say, "Woe is me, that I live at this time" and most heartily do I sympathize with Washington Irving when he said "I would rather not have been born till the world was finished." We have for breakfast, dinner and supper, reports of assassinations, bombardments, or treacherous action of some native prince, and are beginning to get our eyes open to the fact that foreigners are not the only cause of all these overturnings, but that the country was ripe for revolution before any treaties were made with foreigners. We only serve as a good excuse for open rebellion. We are at last, I trust, left in peace as to our rightful ownership of this lot, as we have had no annoyances

or further threats from the government. The disturbances of the country, happily for us missionaries are now the all-absorbing subject. So uneasy are the citizens that they have formed a night guard, but some of our friends go around prophesying that within a week, Yedo, and perhaps Yokohama, will be deserted by foreigners. They see in every Japanese boy or coolie, an assassin ; and some hotheaded persons here held a meeting and resolved to petition the government, to disarm the samurai by ordering the abolition of the custom of wearing swords.

The Richardson murder produced a great panic, and has since been the cause of shameful extortion of £100,000 from the Government, and from the Prince of Satsuma, £25,000 ; and recently the British captured three of Satsuma's steamers and bombarded Kagoshima, the principal town of their province. The effect of this act of vengeance is supposed to be salutary in opening the eyes of this prince (who is one of the greatest opposers to foreigners) to the invincible power of the "outside barbarians". But what of its moral effect ? What encouragement and cheer does it give to those men who are struggling so hard to elevate their nation and make it equal to the so-called Christian nations, when they exact such things at such a time ? Truly the men who authorized these vengeful acts seem to think there is no Day of Judgement. To oppress and take advantage of a weak nation, struggling in the throes of revolution as this is, shows not only weakness, but cowardice. Such covetousness would be unpardonable were it not, that the act was bitterly denounced by Parliament and the press at home. But will not Americans also hang their heads in shame when they hear that the following year we as a nation were represented in an unjust extortion

of money from a weak and suffering nation because, forsooth, they had provoked insult to our flag, for which the Japanese Government, made ample apology and more than paid the damage at the time. Then afterward, for the four treaty powers, U. S., England, France and Holland to unite in a demand for indemnity to the extent of \$3,000,000 which was granted, and the money divided among them—this was a little greedy, to say the least.

Note.—We are happy to learn that recently, our share of this money is becoming a little heavy for the consciences of our representatives in Congress, and they are agitating the question of whether it should not be refunded; there is now at Washington, money paid by the Japanese Government amounting, with interest to \$1,300,000. How much good some of it might do, in endowing a Christian college for the youth of Japan.

## LETTER XII

YOKOHAMA, JANY. 1865.

The disturbed and rather anxious life of the past two years is beginning to tell on our nervous systems; the climate is sufficient, under the most favorable circumstances to try one's health, but when having one's nervous temperament wrought upon, by the political changes here with which we cannot but more or less sympathize, added to our personal trouble about this lot, has so completely unstrung my nervous system, that sound sleep seems impossible. And as we are not permitted yet to make little trips into the country to brace one up, a speedy return to America seems probable; but in the meanwhile I shall endeavor to keep you apprised of all the important changes here. Fortunately for foreigners, the political disturbances have mostly been at the south, near Kyoto. A few of



the southern princes, Choshu, Satsuma and Tosa seem to be jealous of the Shogun and his government. I suppose it is because they receive no benefit from foreign trade, and are always endeavoring to embroil him in difficulty with them. Hence they have sent ronin, who have inaugurated a system of assassinating all who oppose their plans. At least, that is what we suspect; for when some of these men were arrested in Yedo by the Shogun's government the Prince of Choshu espoused their cause; but the Governor of Yedo threw them into prison. Then the Choshu people erected batteries at Shimonoseki. This caused the treaty powers to interfere in order to protect their subjects, and thus incidentally to assist the Shogun's government. They have sent warships down to cruise around Choshu, and sometimes they provoke an attack from the Prince of that province in order to show by the warm returns they give something of their power. Since the assassination of Ii, Kamon no Kami, bands of ronin have been roaming the country to slay foreigners or anyone opposed to them; and not a few foreigners have become their victims. The burning of legations and thus turning our Ministers out of Yedo, was their work. And the ancient custom of the Shogun to visit Kyoto and do homage to the Mikado once a year, has been revived owing to their influence; also the late edict allowing the daimyo to leave Yedo and reside on their estates—yes they all fled from the capital in less than a week after this permission was granted. All this the ronin were said to have accomplished, though doubtless a stronger power was backing them up. You know, it is not till after the lapse of years that one can always see clearly the prime mover in events with which they have been contemporary.

At the time, the ostensible agent is the one usually regarded as the one most responsible, though he may be but a mere link in the official machinery.

At the time we were brought from Kanagawa to this place, we supposed that foreigners were the sole cause of the country's commotion, and we felt that perhaps we were coming here to be imprisoned. We had a great dread of the canal surrounding this place, and supposed that by means of it, they could cut off supplies and thus starve us out. But now we are beginning to think that we have wrongly suspected the government which was really our friend and anxious to protect us. The country is divided not into two, but many factions, some in favor of foreigners and commerce, others wanting commerce without the foreigner, and still those of the old school who think that it is better to let well enough alone; as they have done without either, for centuries, why not continue so? Hence the powers at Yedo, that let foreigners into the country, are eager to retain them in order to establish their claim to power. Such at least appears the state of the chessboard to us who look on.

Feb. 20th. Those who listen can at any time hear the rumble of the political earthquake. Every now and again come puffs of news portending a revolutionary cyclone that startles our little community as much as atmospheric pulses of a real shock of earthquake. Such a shock we have had in the last few days, on hearing that the Shogun had no shadow of right to make a treaty with foreign nations; that the Mikado, whom we supposed was merely at the head of ecclesiastical affairs, is the real and august sovereign of Japan, and understands well his true position, and means to overturn the Shogun and his government as a "nest of robbers."

Hence the clans are now gathering at the true capital, swearing allegiance to the Mikado, pouring their money into his Imperial treasury, and strengthening the hands of the 'Son of Heaven' with their loyal devotion. Now Choshu's heart can be at rest, since he has got the Shogun and foreign power into a net of his own weaving. Think how mortifying it must be for these foreign Ministers to know that they have all along been treating with a *general*, instead of the sovereign of the Empire! Our anxiety now is whether or not the Mikado will make an effort to close the ports and try to banish foreigners. This of course would lead to bloodshed; for foreign nations will not easily sacrifice their rights and advantages. But I think the progressive men of Japan are too many and too wise, to make any such attempt in their weakened condition.

These ronin of which such frequent mention has been made are men belonging to the military class and in consequence possess the right of carrying arms. Most of them are young men who for their debaucheries have been banished from their homes, or by disgraceful conduct have lost their position in society. The ronin, thus deprived of his pay and knowing only the profession of arms, has no other resource, while waiting for a new engagement, than to take refuge in some haunt of vice, and is thus tempted to deeds of crime. They are all samurai, and bound to do the best they can for their own country; hence they really boil over with patriotism and make bold dashes to accomplish a thing which would otherwise be brought about by more peaceful methods.

They are often employed by Japanese nobility in the execution of bloody deeds to revenge private quarrels or political feuds, and often perform deeds

of reckless daring which raise them to the rank of heroes. The story of the 47 Ronin has been dramatized and sung till every child in Japan has it at his tongues end. After reading it, you can well imagine what must be the influence of such men.

Moreover the popular history and literature concerning this class has a great influence upon the people, since children listen to such fragments of history or popular tales, and as they grow up, hear their elders praise the valor and heroism of such men, and see them go at stated periods to pay honor to their graves centuries after the deed, as is done to this day in Yedo. Is it not plain that what with us would be considered a great crime, may have a very subtle and curious bearing on the general character and moral training of the people? Is it any wonder that men, reared and nurtured under such a system should be disposed to look on the massacre of foreigners as simply the outburst of a noble patriotism? We feel that life in Japan at this time, is neither pleasant nor profitable; it is a mere patient waiting for what may turn up next. For these overturnings will surely bring about some state of things more favorable to our work. Just so the merchant feels in regard to his business. The most lucrative employment, nowadays, is the selling of arms and ammunition. We should like very much to be employing this waiting time in the building of houses for future work on this mission lot. But not being able to have the flaw in the deed rectified, our hands are tied with regard to that.

A very pleasant episode in our rather dreary life happened a few evenings ago when we were invited to the house of a very progressive and very able man connected with the Japanese government. He has a long rambling house with a two-story addition

in foreign style. These rooms of the foreign addition are small and cramped for their foreign furnishings. We asked to be taken into the Japanese part of the house and treated as were his other guests. He then took us to where the Japanese guests were assembling and where the pipe was freely passed round, and the prostrations and bows on first entering were to me, distressing, but to them, a necessary part of decorum. I was then asked in Japanese to take a seat, which, being translated means, "This is the beginning of my hanging on your honorable eyes. Will you condescend to hang your thighs upon this chair, and oblige me?" As many other foreigners were arriving in the other part of the house, we were soon conducted back to the dining room, which was adorned with a long table, blazing in silver and glassware. The dinner was served in foreign style for the European guests; the Japanese had another room, since they were not accustomed to eat as foreigners. There they were served in Japanese manner, by sitting on the mats in tailor fashion, with low tables in front of them. After dinner, on returning to the drawing-room, the host entertained us by showing the family paintings and his gardens which were illuminated very handsomely by paper lanterns of different colors, so grouped as to spell the family name. He then described for us a Japanese marriage, as follows:—"We are first invited to the house of the bridegroom, and kept waiting in an outer apartment for some time; when we are called in to see the ceremony, we find the room large, but well filled; the altar of domestic gods had been moved to a more central place, and decorated with white and gilt paper. The old images of the patron saints of the family had been burnished up and glitter in the dim light. There are also differ-

ent plants setting near, each having a symbolic signification. When all have taken their places according to rank, near or far from the engaged couple, who are to occupy the center of the room, then the parents bring the bride to the door, when her fiancée rises and goes to meet her, and taking her hand, leads her to a seat beside him. Then two young girls hand round 'sake' in tiny earthenware bottles, and small cups, to each of the guests. The bottle and cup for the bridal couple were larger and had paper butterflies attached, this being the sign of conjugal felicity. The two girls offer at the same time to the happy couple, a cup of 'sake' which they are expected to drain together, signifying their intention of draining together the cup of life, whether it be ambrosia or gaul. They must share equally the joys and sorrows of existence. After the 'sake' has been passed around three times, the nearest guest rises to his feet, thus signifying that the ceremony is over. They shake themselves a little, take a smoke, and then some one proposes the butterfly game, in which a very light wooden box is placed upon a mat, and upon the box a butterfly made of silk-covered wire. The players sitting off a short distance, endeavor by fanning to raise the butterfly without upsetting the box. After various other games we are taken out to supper where we are expected to sit for two hours, most of the time drinking 'sake,' immediately after which we return home." After this very interesting description, we also followed suit and ourselves went home.

Among the upper classes, marriage is made a subject of deep and careful consideration. The marriage is arranged for the young people by the parents when the parties are quite young, as in China. But

the Japanese young men are more independent than the Chinese, and often refuse to enter into an alliance which does not please them. In such a case, he then endeavors to find a lady that *does* please him ; whereupon he sends a go-between chosen from among his friends and the betrothal is arranged. But the will of the parents is generally the dominating power.

To return to political affairs : as the treaties with foreign nations all bear the signature of the Shogun, I should fancy it would be a source of some disquiet to the august Sovereign of Japan, to think that foreign powers might wish to support the Shogun, as I understand our Minister decidedly feels inclined to do. But I see from the papers to-day that the Court at Kyoto are getting wise in their generation ; for although that place has been the center of the anti-foreign spirit, they have decided to invite the foreign Ministers to an audience in the very heart of the anti-foreign capital. This is significant, as it shows that they perceive the importance of securing a direct and friendly relation with the treaty powers, and it will probably terminate the agitation of the perplexing question of foreign intercourse, and may also be a stroke at the Yedo government and its waning influence in foreign affairs. If they are sincere and only mean an honorable investigation of this question, we think it shows a noble trait of the Japanese character,—their willingness to change for the better, when they discover their error or inferiority.

MARCH. Only the Dutch and British Ministers accepted the invitation to the audience ; the other powers declined. The train of the British envoy was assaulted by fanatic assassins, but were prevented from doing injury by Okubo and Goto, who rode by the side of the foreigners, determined to secure their

audience with the Mikado. This has been accomplished, and with good results, we trust. Does not this sound like a glad harbinger of a new and higher era for Japan?

Note :— Two years later, after the birth of a second daughter named Anna Hephurn, born on the Church Lot 167 Yokohama, in March of 1866, I set out on my first visit home, accompanied by our faithful, though inefficient, servant Sentaro, "Sam Patch," so called by Com. Perry's sailors who once brought him, a rescued sailor, with his comrade Joseph Hero back to Japan, but they feared to remain and were taken to America again. My husband also went as far as San Francisco, and in four months time was back in Japan. While I and children reached New York via Panama, and the home friends in New Jersey and Virginia. Here my son James Curtis was born Oct. 10th of that year. My husband after a great fight of affliction in getting the title of the Church Lot transferred to the Reformed Church Board of Missions in America, rejoined me nearly three years later. Thus happily terminated the first period of missionary labor in Japan. One event of unusual importance I have placed one year too early. That was the baptism of Yano Riisan, Mr. Ballagh's teacher. This took place November 4, 1866. An account thereof written by my husband and published at the time in the home papers may be added as a fitting close to this account of the beginnings of the Kingdom of God in Japan and as an hopeful omen of better things to follow even as the sun increasing more and more unto the perfect day.

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### THE FIRST JAPANESE CONVERT.

(Copy of article in the ~~XXX~~ *Evangelist*.)

"The following is an extract from a letter written by Rev. James H. Ballagh, who was instrumental, by the blessing of Heaven, in turning a Japanese from darkness unto light. The first convert was a teacher, and was instructing Mr. Ballagh in the language of the country.

Since I last wrote you, my old teacher has gone to be with Jesus. His sickness was protracted, and gave good opportunity to show not only his resignation but his willingness to depart, which he believed



to be for the better. Before his sickness I entertained hopes of his conversion, and once or twice prayed with him. I shall never forget my first prayer in Japanese. It was very lame; but I trust the Spirit of God accompanied it. We entered into a back room and closed the doors lest we should be overheard, and there prayed. I shall never forget the feeling of beginning to pray in a new language, and especially in this in which it is a crime to call upon Jesus.

During his sickness I visited him often, read to him, out of his own translation, parts of the Gospels of John and Mark, and prayed with him and his family. It was delightful to visit him, for he was so thankful for the slight attentions he received. He expressed himself firmly as a Christian. Finally I felt impressed as to the duty of baptizing him, or rather was greatly concerned to know what my duty was. He desired the administration of the ordinance when I explained its nature unto him. Sabbath morning, November 4, 1866 I invited Dr. Hepburn the Presbyterian Missionary, to accompany me, and give his opinion as to duty, he having for many years been a ruling elder. He heard Yano's (the teachers's name) statements and decided at once that water could not be withheld.

We then proceeded to administer the rite. His son, a young man in business providentially was present, and we obtained his consent. The father's faith was heroic. When I told him "It was a crime for a Japanese to be baptized," he said that was a very small thing! Dr. Hepburn then offered his first prayer in Japanese, and a full prayer it was. I then baptized him, and followed with prayer. A blessed place was that little back chamber in a retired street in old Kanagawa! Never shall we

forget the mutual pleasure teacher and pupil felt that hour. To have left father and mother, and to have crossed seas was little to have done for so great a joy.

My last visit was with my wife on Thanksgiving Day. He seemed to know that his end was near, and took his farewell of each of us. After thanking us for all our kindness, he said that he had no way of repaying us, that "he was going to Jesus' side and he would make mention of us to Jesus." Can you conceive of a higher reward, or a greater blessing, than "to be mentioned to Jesus?" My eyes fill with tears whenever I think of it.

He died early Monday, December 4th, just one month after his baptism. I had tried to visit him on the Sabbath afternoon previous; but the bay was so rough that the boatmen would not return with me if I went. I sent my messages and some preparations for him by a Japanese neighbor, and so waited to go early the next morning. As I was leaving with Brother Thompson that morning, a messenger came saying "he was dead." We crossed the bay, conversing on heaven; and never did the celestial world seem so near as now, that our old friend had entered it. Japan never looked so beautiful to me. It was more sacred in my estimation by one of its inhabitants taken into heaven. We prayed with the family and returned. We attended the funeral, which had to be conducted by the Buddhist priests. The son tried to buy them off; but custom and law prevailed. The body was taken to the temple, and there we left it. I could not endure to be the spectator of such senseless rites over my dear Christian friend's body. I would have rejoiced to have committed his ashes to the grave; but we must be content to try

and save the soul, and for the present let the priests bury the dead."

**Note:**—By a singular providence, whilst copying this article, Yano's daughter, after long years of absence came to see my husband, and with grown and married daughters and grand children of her own, helps him to many facts concerning her father's early history and the subsequent history of his descendants.









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